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THE NATIONAL POLICE CRIME GAZETTE

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HOW LADIES OF OFFICIAL SOCIETY GET A PEEP AT GUILTEAU IN HIS CELL.



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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

It might help things wonderfully in this country to make office-seeking a capital offense.

"CRANKS" are becoming quite a numerous element in social and political affairs in America. Just at present the majority of them is at Albany.

GUITEAU, the assassin, was not permanently benefited by his spasmodic piety and connection with the Moody revivals. It is quite likely, however, that he will speedily become very religious. He is the sort of man the Governors pardon.

WHILE lecturing at Morris, Ill., Sergeant Bates, who carries American flags around the world, fell from the platform and broke a leg. Providence has been laying for that fellow for ten years, but could never before get a good square lick at him.

GIUSEPPI ESPOSITO, a remarkably handsome Italian, the sole survivor of a famous band of brigands, for whose arrest a reward of 5,000 lire was offered, was caught in New Orleans, where he had been quietly running a fruit schooner. He is in irons on board a steamer bound for New York, where an Italian war vessel is waiting to take him home.

A WEALTHY widow has become interested in the preaching of Rev. Dr. N. W. Conkling, pastor of Rutgers' Presbyterian Church, N. Y. She sent him, his wife and children to Europe, paying all their expenses, and, upon their return, presented him with a furnished mansion, worth \$70,000. She has also presented Mrs. Conkling with \$100,000 in Government bonds. Some men are born rich and some lucky.

MR. GUITEAU during his erratic career tried his hand at answering Bob Ingersoll's irreligious ideas. If he had been one of Robert's champions, what a howl would have went up from every pulpit and secular journal in the land about the "curse of infidelity, results of false doctrines," etc. The fact that he proclaims himself an "instrument in the hands of God" and a member of the Y. M. C. A. has no bearing on the case! Ingersoll might use the same weapons that his opponents do. But we will guarantee that neither him or his followers will do so. That's the difference between sincere charity and hypocritical charity, and it grieves us to say that there is more of the latter article outside of the Church than there is inside.

THE ASSASSINATION ILLUSTRATED.

It would be superfluous for the *GAZETTE* at this late day to waste space in expressing its abhorrence of the infamous crime by which President Garfield was smitten down last week, or its detestation of the rattle-brained miscreant who is responsible for the monstrous act. We have expressed ourselves upon the subject with pen and pencil.

Especially with the latter.

It has ever been our boast—a well-founded one as the impartial public will not be inclined to deny—that we have been abreast of the times. Great events and those of little importance have met equal justice at our hands. No time, labor or expense have ever been spared by us when the satisfaction of our patrons was concerned.

It was quite natural, then, that with such a record the *POLICE GAZETTE* should rank foremost among all illustrated publications in its graphic presentation of the scenes and incidents of our National tragedy. With several special artists and correspondents on the spot, a corps of trained engravers and skillful printers, it is not unnatural that we should be the foremost of illustrators of that dreadful event and provide our readers with an extensive pictorial history of the assassination.

As in the past, so in the future will the *GAZETTE* stand ever ready in the service of the public which supports it. Our present success guarantees that this assurance is not likely to prove an idle boast. In this issue we present further details, pictorial and descriptive, of the event which has agitated the whole country with righteous horror. They show, more vividly than any words could, the real character of the details with which the shocking tragedy is environed in showing that their mission is performed.

AN "ONPLEASANTNESS" SETTLED.

We learn with sincere gratification that a compromise has been effected between the Rev. Pastor Heinrich, of Woodhaven, and his deeply injured but lamblike parishioner, Mr. Emil Kупendorf. The sheep has withdrawn his charge of assault and battery against his shepherd on condition that the pastor would not press the charge of felonious assault. "It was effected by the minister," say the reports, "that it was *ex parte* and that party the one that did all the mischief." We rejoice in this exhibition of a Christian spirit and argue from it that the millennium is not far distant when the clerical wolf will lie down with the silly sheep of his fold whom he has shorn of their wool. Too often such cases lead to bloodshed and death, but here the forgiving pastor says: "I have done you wrong, but I forgive you. I have taken your wife but am too noble to keep her. Take her back with my pastoral benediction. I have done with her." Or, as a more worldly view might suggest, the arrangement seems to be this: The buckshot you administered to my rear is a fair return for the sand I shoveled in your eyes. You will probably never see, nor I sit down as comfortably as before; let us be friends. As for the cause of all this ruction, your wife, she is not worth thinking about, and if you don't want her I'm sure I don't." But what will be the feelings of Mrs. Kупendorf when she sees her clerical osculator and her legal husband smoking the pipe of peace and wholly ignoring her existence? This is a case of *aperta injuria formæ*, which may make it warm for both these philosophers.

NEW YORK CITY is fast becoming as uncomfortable for Chinamen as San Francisco. The recent murder of Lee Teep, a convert to the Christian faith, while returning from church on Sunday evening, and the acquittal of John Corcoran, the alleged murderer, will not tend to give the Mongolians a very keen sense of security in Gotham. If John Corcoran did not kill Lee Teep, some one did, and justice demands that that some one be found out. But

this is not the rule in murder trials. The victim moulders in his or her grave, and generally no effort is made to find the one responsible for it. A Chinaman being in the case will probably not cause any one to make an effort to depart from the regular course.

PRANKS IN HIGH LIFE

Which Prove that Love's Course is Rough and Rugged—The Young Beau Who Had Five Girls 'On a String.'

Aristocratic circles in Montreal have been greatly agitated during the past few days by a series of scandals which have followed each other in rapid succession. The first escapade which set the gossips talking was an attempt on the part of a young French Canadian lawyer to force a young Irish lady, of great personal attractions and of noble birth—being nearly related to the unfortunate Lord Mountmorres, whose violent death caused such a sensation—into a clandestine marriage. It appears the youth, who is a descendant of the Canadian hero to whose memory a statue was lately erected in this province, was deeply in love with the lady and made her a formal proposal of marriage, which she declined. The refusal preyed so terribly upon his mind that his friends induced him to make a tour of Europe in the hope of healing his wounded heart. He accordingly went abroad and remained three or four months, and has only lately returned. Since his arrival he has been living very fast and indulging very freely in liquor. In driving through the city, some days ago, he espied his innamorata all alone, and invited her to have a drive, which she would not accept. However, she agreed to allow him to accompany her for a promenade toward her residence, some distance out. On arriving at a lonely part of the road, near Mount Royal Park, the amorous and half-crazed advocate pulled out a revolver and swore that if his too-confiding companion would not proceed with him to the house of a well-known priest to be married, he would shoot her on the spot, and then put an end to his own wretched existence. The young lady retained by great effort her self-possession, and, believing the man was crazy and ready to carry his threat into execution, she consented to his proposal. This satisfied him, and the pair proceeded to the house of a venerable father of the church, on reaching which the lady fainted—the tension of her feelings being too much for her. On coming to, she claimed the protection of the reverend gentleman, and on telling him what had occurred he soon had the would-be bridegroom removed from the house and the young lady restored to her friends. The family of the lady have not taken any proceedings against the lawyer so far, but it is said that her brother, who is a distinguished literary man and an ex-officer of infantry, will chastise him on the first opportunity.

Now comes the most sensational affair of all, and one that is creating the greatest amount of talk and scandal. The hero is the son of a distinguished principal of the high school, and a civil engineer on the Grand Trunk. It appears he has been acting the part of a gay but unprincipled Lothario. Not satisfied with capturing the affections of one young lady, it turns out that he has engaged himself to four virgins at the same time. Two belonged to the city, and the others were residents of a village not far out. With one exception they all belonged to the *crème de la crème* of society. One of the city belles was a French Canadian, of an old noble family, while the two country ladies are daughters of independent gentlemen, one being a retired colonel of the British army. The fourth was a young saleslady in the largest dry goods house in Montreal, and of wonderfully attractive appearance. This girl he actually got to leave her situation and go to the expense of providing a costly trousseau to get married in; and yet she has been left to mourn over the perfidy and faithlessness of her professed admirer. The French-Canadian siren had the strongest hold upon the fellow's affections, for it turns out that he married her on the quiet, but since the nuptials he has positively refused to live with her, and repudiates the marriage on the ground that her friends induced him to drink until he became intoxicated, and then had the knot tied by a Roman Catholic priest. Of course his statement is not credited by the young ladies whom he has so basely treated, and their friends are vowing all sorts of vengeance against him. The young saleslady, whose family can not stand the expense of the wedding outfit, is about to institute an action for damages for breach of promise. It is a long time since society circles have had such food for gossip as these sensations have afforded.

At a fancy ball the mistress of the house stations a servant at the door to announce the guests by their costumes, as "Three mousquetaires!" "A devil and a Hebe!" and so on. At last arrive two ladies in plain walking costume, who have only come to glance at the gay and dazzling scene. "What costumes shall I announce, ladies?" says the servant courteously. "Oh, none—merely, we haven't anything on at all!" is the response. "Two ladies without anything on at all!" bellows the faithful domestic. Sensation.

SEASONING.

No kissing by telephone for us. We prefer to take the electricity direct from the battery.

MAUD S. is assessed for \$50,000 at Chicago. Another prominent female taxed without representation.

MISS TACK has just been married in Chicago. If for any cause her husband should ever sit down on her he will probably get right up again.

"DAD, if it's so injurious to smoke, why don't chimneys get sick and die?" The old gentleman merely replied that he wished he had a trunk strap handy.

If the men were as silent about their ages as the women we shouldn't hear so many army reminiscences as we now do. The ladies are worthy of being patterned after in this regard.

FENDERSON was at the theatre the other night. "It was a burlesque, a take-off, wasn't it?" asked Smith. "Yes," said Fenderon, "that's what it was, I guess. They had taken off about everything they dared to."

A GIRL in Canada declined to be married on the appointed day because the trail of her dress didn't hang right. It is well that she didn't. A woman so particular might refuse to own her first baby if it wore a pug nose.

LEONORA sends us a poem, beginning: "I ask but one small share in that great heart of thine." You had better emigrate to Utah, Leonora, where they keep such material in job lots. We do a strictly wholesale business.

In one of the Saratoga hotels is a placard which announces that a discreet waiter, who was never known to tell even the time of day, has been employed to carry milk punches and hot toddies to ladies' rooms in the evening.

AN Oshkosh girl refused to marry a man because he scratched matches on the heel of his boot. If she thinks she's going to get a man who'll consent to wear out his trousers by scratching matches on 'em, she'll be disappointed.

YOUNG lady (to her old uncle): "Oh, uncle, what a shocking thing! A young girl was made crazy by a sudden kiss!" Old uncle: "What did the fool go crazy for?" Young lady: "What did she go crazy for? Why for more, I suppose."

Two ladies were talking of a wax figure show about to be opened here. One said: "There are to be costumes of every country since the creation of the world." "Eve's will not be hard to make." "But it will be very hard to wear."

ALTHOUGH Cincinnati is a very wicked city, they do sometimes turn the Scriptures to practical account down there. A wife brought her obstreperous husband to terms the other day by hitting him over the head with a Bible and knocking him senseless.

THE Arctic bridegroom's marriage vows are very simple—

"For better or for worse I swear
To have and wed this maiden fair,
To give her love and honor meet,
And all the fat she wants to eat."

M. FERRE, a French naturalist, says that the wasp is endowed with more cunning than any other insect on wings. We don't see anything so very cunning in a wasp lifting a man off a bench in a park. An earthquake does the same thing, and makes no pretensions to fun.

A YOUNG man objected to the young girl that his rich old uncle wished him to marry. "You mustn't be so particular," said the exasperated uncle. "I tell you she's well enough." "So she is, uncle," responded the nephew, "and you know you always taught me to leave well enough alone."

RESPECTED his oath: A wife murderer defended his act by saying that life with his wife became insupportable. "Then," said the judge, "you might have separated from her." "Ah!" replied the conscientious prisoner, "I could not do that, for I swore to her that nothing but death should separate us."

"I'm always disgusted at these round dances," remarked the elderly Miss Wallflower at the ball. "I think it not only very stupid, this hugging and twirling around, but a wicked waste of time." Said Fogg, sotto voce, "Nobody to hug her poor thing. Anybody who attempted it would find it a waste of time, I guess."

A NEW YORK girl stuffed the sleeve of an old coat with straw and placed it around her waist as she sat in the bay window in the June twilight. It looked all right and natural from a distance and broke the neighbor girls all up with envy, but the satisfaction she derived from the hug was about as thin as strained moonshine.

THE BELLS OF SHANNON.

That round so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee,
Have not the power
At the dinner hour,
Of the bell that summons
Mary Jane and me!

A LADY of experience gives advice on kissing to a young friend as follows: "Be frugal in your bestowal of such favors. In the first place I would cut off all uncles, cousins and brothers-in-law; let them kiss their own wives and daughters; and I would not kiss the minister, or the doctor, or the lawyer who gives you a divorce."

SOME people do ask the queerest questions. A woman writes to an editor asking "how to kill roaches." There are hundreds of ways to kill 'em, and one of the most effective is to catch a roach, lay it on the back board and hit it a smart blow with the potato masher. Another way is to drive a lathe nail through the insect, or get it between the leaves of a big dictionary and slam the volume shut with italic emphasis. It is easy enough to kill roaches, but how to catch 'em may bother her.

THE question is asked why some men will smoke while they are being shaved. The smoke and the cigar bother the barber. The probable explanation is that the man who is being shaved wishes to unite two luxuries. It is just enough, however, to let his imagination work freely and to have him believe that while he is lying off in a chair with his head back and his heels up he is a little better situated than he would be at home while cutting small canals in his face with a rough razor and waiting until he has nothing to do but smoke.

GREAT CRIMES AND CRIMINALS OF AMERICA.

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.

CHAPTER XII.

SNATCHED FROM THE GALLOWES.

In its issue of Feb. 4, 1857, the *Constitution*, a weekly newspaper published at Middletown, Conn., contained the following:

"Charles E. Sage, son of Edmund Sage, left his home in Cromwell a week ago last Thursday to work on a distant part of the farm. He was seen at work there until about noon, since when no trace can be found of him. Rumors that a boy like him had been seen turned out to be unreliable, and were traced to one source. On Tuesday, neighbors turned out, and a thorough search was made. Evidence was found that, in the minds of those present, was sufficient to convince them that he had met with foul play. Suspicion rests upon a man and his wife named Nugent, with whom young Sage had some trouble on the day of his departure. They have been arrested, and are now in jail. Mr. Sage, the father, has offered a reward of \$200 for the recovery of the body of his son."

A fortnight later, Feb. 18, the same newspaper gave further information on the subject, as follows:

"The persons who were arrested on suspicion have been set at liberty, as there is not sufficient evidence to detain them. The general opinion is that the boy has been murdered, and strong evidence is accumulating that way. It is thought that when the river breaks up, the body may be found."

This, for the time, was the end of the matter. Months drifted by and the ice broke up, but brought no sign of the missing boy's body. The murder theory was abandoned, except by a few terror-loving gossips. He was supposed to have run away either to sea or to California to escape the severe domestic discipline for which his father was notorious.

One morning in the early autumn of 1857, some boys strolling along the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound, about a mile east of the Connecticut river, found a headless corpse upon the beach, which had evidently been washed up by the waves.

The head was entirely gone, and but little flesh remained upon the bones, indicating that the body had been long in the water. Of clothing, there was only the remnant of one stocking. A physician from the neighboring village of Lyme was summoned, and pronounced the opinion that the bones were those of a boy about fifteen years old. The body was temporarily interred on the beach, a little wooden cross marking the spot, and a statement of the facts was sent to a New London paper by a lawyer of the town.

The statement in the New London newspaper was seen by Mr. Sage, father of the missing lad, who at once made a journey to Lyme, where on hearing all the facts, he had the body disinterred and removed to Cromwell for burial, availing his firm belief that the body was that of his son.

The bringing of the body to Cromwell at once reawakened the public interest in the case, and it became the subject of general conversation in that and neighboring towns.

The friends of young Sage were very sure that the body was that of the missing lad, claiming that they could detect certain peculiarities in the fragments of dress found on the body to bear out their theory. Medical men pronounced the opinion that the head had been severed from the body by violent means.

People again looked askance at Nugent, who was a rather undersized Irishman of inoffensive appearance, who, with his wife and one child, a little girl, had lived in Cromwell as a laborer, much of the time at work for the senior Sage. Especially indignant were they at the effrontery of the Nugents in claiming that young Sage was not dead at all, when "everybody knew" that he had not been seen or heard from since his appearance near Nugent's house.

The general belief in Nugent's guilt became a popular certainty, when it was known that a sailor named John Amos Benson, who had recently appeared in the town looking for work, had, while temporarily employed by Mr. Sage, suddenly declared that he had been a witness of the murder.

Benson said that on the day of Sage's disappearance he was passing through Cromwell in a violent snow storm, when he heard noises at a barn and, going to the locality, saw Nugent inflict the fatal blow upon Sage with a threshing flail; and that Nugent then discovered his presence, and threatened to take his life if he ever betrayed him; that he had kept silence till now through fear, but that Sage appeared to him in a vision and demanded that he should reveal the fact. As Benson was a delicately-built little foreigner, weighing only 100 pounds, while Nugent was of stronger build, the statement was at once accepted as true, and Nugent was rearrested.

On the 14th day of October, Nugent was brought before Justice R. M. Warner, assisted by James Edwards, Moses Culver, State's Attorney, appearing for the state, and Walter Carter, now of New York City, for the prisoner.

The first witness called was Miss Elizabeth W. Sage, who testified that her brother left home at 8 A.M. on the day when he was last seen; that she saw Nugent that night, and inquired as to his whereabouts, when, after some hesitation, he answered:

"You will not see Charles to-night."

Edward Sage, the father, testified that Nugent had been in his employ for six years, was discharged the first of the month. The day of the disappearance, Nugent was threshing oats at Mr. Sage's barn, whither Charles went. As he did not return at the proper time, the father went to the barn several times, searching for him, and Nugent very reluctantly assisted in the search, but would not go up to the hay-mow. Mrs. Nugent told witness that Nugent and Charles "had a clench." Witness then testified as to his visit to Lyme, and exhuming the remains found there, and his belief that they were those of his son.

Isaac S. Baldwin testified to clots of blood found among the hay; to blood spots on the floor three feet square, some of which he scraped up with a knife, and to tracks in the snow leading from the barn to the Connecticut river.

Six other witnesses, including the village doctor, testified similarly in reference to the hay being much tumbled, and to blood on the barn floor, and the tracks leading to the river were described as those that would be made by persons drawing some substance in a bag; that a hole was also found in the ice, into which it was supposed that the body had been thrust, while a pole identified as from Sage's woodpile was found near by, and in addition a piece of plaid cloth lining that Miss Sage identified as from a shawl of her's, which had served later to line her brother's coat.

There were few, if any, persons who would not have voted for conviction on the spot, without waiting for the state's conclusive and final evidence, the testimony of Benson. Yet all eyes were turned intently upon the witness as "John Amos Benson," was called. Giving his testimony in a cool and collected manner, he said:

"I heard someone threshing in the barn; went up to it, and heard swearing. Looked in through the crack and heard Nugent say: 'You have often moved the old horse from the place where I put him, and you shall never do it again.' Nugent then struck Charles with his flail across the back and shoulders, and then on his head, felling him to the floor on his face, and breaking the flail-staff. He tucked the broken staff in the straw, came back, turned Sage over and gave him a 'jab' and then came to the door, looking very red in the face. Seeing me he exclaimed: 'How long have you been there?' I made no reply. When Nugent came out of the barn, I saw that he had a large jackknife in his hand that was bloody. This knife he gave me before I left in the morning. I said, 'It is very cold.' Nugent said, 'Yes, come into the house.' Between the house and the barn, Nugent said, 'I have a job I want you to help me to do.' I said, 'Well?' We then went in, and Nugent, asking his wife for warm water, washed his hands, and we 'drinked.' Nugent then went out for fifteen or twenty minutes, and on his return we 'drinked' again. Nugent then asked me if I was ready; I said 'Yes.' We then went to the south barn and drew the corpse to the east door. At this door the sill is some six and a half feet above the ground, a cellar being under the barn. I put the boy on the board, and we slid onto the ground; then we carried it to the north barn and laid it on the floor. Nugent got on to the mow, and I lifted the boy till Nugent got hold of it and drew it up. I then got up and we carried it to the next mow. Nugent got up and raised the body until he got hold of it and pulled it up. Here we left it and went to the house. Nugent said, 'If you tell of it, I can get enough to kill you any time.' He then said he would go after some liquor, and his wife said she would go with him. She wanted to go and tell the old man. I stayed with Nugent all this night, and left next morning for Wethersfield."

The defence offering no testimony, the court announced that Patrick Nugent stood committed to Haddam jail, to be held for trial at the next term of the Supreme court. Upon the meeting of the supreme court in December, a Grand Jury found a true bill against Nugent, and his trial was ordered for the next term of the court in February, 1858.

Everything seemed now to point to the speedy conviction of Nugent, when the *Constitution* of December 21, 1857, under the head of "Strange Developments, in the case of Charles E. Sage," announced that "Charles E. Sage is alive."

The paper goes on to narrate that a nephew of Mr. Sage, Jr., residing in Ithaca, N. Y., had received a certain letter from Pennsylvania signed "Wm. Russell," which contained some allusions to young Sage, which aroused the suspicion of the brother-in-law of Mr. Sage, Sr., to an extent that led him to visit Pennsylvania, where he discovered that "Mr. Russell" was no other than his nephew, the missing Charles E. Sage.

Taking the lad with him to Ithaca, Mr. Williams, the brother-in-law, then visited Cromwell

and revealed his discovery, whereupon Mr. Sage went to Ithaca and identified his son. The paper adds that measures were at once put on foot to secure Benson, who was still living at Cromwell, and to release Nugent.

An extra session of the Supreme Court was called at Middletown when a *nolle prosequi* was entered, Nugent discharged, and a warrant issued for Benson's apprehension.

The law officers sent to arrest Benson found him at a Methodist prayer meeting engaged in exhorting sinners to repentance—a favorite occupation of his at this juncture.

He was carried to jail, and, his trial having been adjourned over from February to April, 1858, he was then brought before the Supreme Court in session at the old town of Haddam, where he pleaded not guilty to a charge of perjury.

For the State, there testified Sage, Sr., his daughter Elizabeth, and the long missing Charles E. Sage.

The evidence of each was briefly given, and that of young Sage quite disappointed the audience, who had hoped that the mystery of his disappearance would now be explained. But as the State only had to prove his existence, his testimony was exceedingly aggravating by its brevity, being simply to the effect that he was alive and well.

The defence introduced a witness or two who testified as to Benson's good behavior while in their employ, and as to his lack of mental ability, the object being to show that he had not wit enough to connect from whole cloth such a story as he had told, and that somebody must have been assaulted, as he described, on the night in question; hence he was not guilty of perjury in supposing it to be young Sage, when he learned that the lad was missing.

But although to this day some of the people of Cromwell believe that a murder must have been committed, and allege that a peddler went to appear there was never seen after the night of the supposed murder, and others assume that the lad who returned was not the genuine Sage, yet the jury had no trouble in agreeing, and speedily brought in a verdict of guilty.

A motion for the arrest of judgment was entered, and the case went over to the September term of the court, when the motion was withdrawn, and Benson sentenced to State Prison for life. In 1861, he was pardoned out to enter the United States volunteer service in the late war, and, it is said, that he has since died.

But the conviction of Benson for perjury did not settle the mystery in the minds of all cognizant of the facts, for, while the counsel for the state to this day affirm that Benson privately confessed his perjury to them, when arrested, his own counsel, ex-Postmaster Calof, of Middletown, asserts that to him he ever asserted his innocence, and that he to this day believes that Benson really did see some person murdered.

As to Sage, Sr. and Jr., and to the Nugent family, there have also been widely diverging opinions.

Some believe that on the day of the disappearance of young Sage, Mrs. Nugent found him attempting improper liberties upon her daughter, and the fact of the scandal and his father's hard treatment led him to flee the town.

Some held that the father knew of his son's flight, and persuaded the Nugents to prevent the true cause thereof being known, while others believe him guiltless of this, but that young Sage fled from a tyrannical father, while others held Mrs. Nugent privy to the plot against her husband.

At all events, the popular feeling was against the Sages, so much so, that the family finally removed to New Jersey.

Whose body it was which so nearly sent Patrick Nugent to the scaffold was never discovered after all the hubbub it had created. It was forgotten in an unnamed grave.

The crime with which it was associated was quite forgotten by all save in a few minds, when four years ago it was curiously and tragically recalled.

Nugent, after his discharge, remained in Cromwell, working as before, year in, year out, regarded, in spite of his release by the law, with a certain dread by many of his neighbors.

Still, as time lapsed by, the memory of his trial grew fainter and less distinct. When the fathers died the sons only remembered it as a tradition, and finally it was almost forgotten.

On June 1st, 1877, Nugent had a little tiff with his wife and left his house. He had been working in the neighboring village of Westfield, but had been sick for a couple of weeks. It was out of this enforced idleness, indeed, that his connubial difficulty arose.

When he did not return that night his wife supposed he had gone over to Westfield, and did not worry about him. But after a couple of days had passed and brought no tidings or signs of him, she became seriously alarmed. She made inquiries, only to discover that he had not been heard of at Westfield. He seemed to have vanished as mysteriously as the boy had years before, for whose disappearance his life had almost paid the penalty.

Mrs. Nugent had given him up, settled down to the belief that he had given her the slip, when she received news that the body of a laboring man, apparently about 60 years of

age, had been found in the river near Middletown.

It was the corpse of Patrick Nugent. He had left the house after the quarrel with his wife, gone to a spot on the Connecticut river known as High Banks, and deliberately drowned himself.

The spot where his body was discovered was within sight of that where the unknown boy for whom Patrick Nugent had almost become a tribute to the scaffold, had been found.

He had gone to the mystery of the unknown, to solve, if possible, the ghastly secret which had had such an influence on his life. His body was buried next to that of the stranger boy, whose grave, after his release from his perilous imprisonment, he had caused to be marked with a headstone at his own expense, as a token of thanksgiving for his deliverance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The famous case of the *Yacht Wanderer*, and the introduction of the last cargo of slaves into the United States, with a full account of how it was done, who did it, and how they were discovered, will be told in next week's "Great Crimes and Criminals."

AMBUSHED ASSASSINS.

Life in an Indian Territory as Developed by a Murder Trial at Fort Smith, Ark.

There has just closed in the United States court at Fort Smith, Ark., a very interesting murder trial. The facts are as follows:

In 1879, two white men, Scott Davis and Joe Bateman, came into the Seminole country and settled. Davis married a native woman in the Chickasaw nation across the Canadian line. Bateman remained single and rented and cultivated under Davis' permit, and the two speculated in cattle. These white men were friendly and became intimate with their Indian neighbors. Brown's store at Sa-sak-wa was their nearest postoffice. Here they would meet and trade and settle up balances. On Friday, May 23, 1879, Davis being at Brown's store, and meeting with one Coosa and Tom Factor, both Indians, settled his accounts for yearlings, and then employed Tom to help him to hunt cattle the next day. The next morning, Saturday, Tom left home after taking his cup of "sofka," (Choctaw—"Tom Fuller") Anglice—boiled corn somewhat soured, generally made in a large dish, from which the family take their morning cup; family being understood to mean dogs and all. So Tom started out to meet his friend Davis. He rode three miles, and reached the house to find that Davis had left on the trail, thinking he wouldn't come. Tom followed the trail and overtook Davis near the river. They then both proceeded down the Canadian line, where they struck a cattle trail, and following that they went into the wooded country on the Chickasaw side. Having gone about a mile they were ambushed, and Davis was brutally murdered, and the Indians under Charley Bowlegs—a son of old Billy Bowlegs, of Seminole fame in the everglades of Florida—the captain of the crew, buried him—planted his body in an old hollow tree. Bowlegs then ordered Tom Factor to go home and say nothing about the affair. Tom started as fast as his pony could carry him. The gang went to old Ma-ha-tubbi's to get something to eat, and then they started for Bateman's field, where he was plowing. They shot him from behind a tree, in the furrow he was working, with the plow-handles in his hands. The matter was kept secret for a year, but finally leaked out, and Tom Factor and Tul-wa-harjo were arrested by the United States marshal. Charley Bowlegs committed suicide. One of the other Indians was killed in a broil, and two others are still "on the scout." Tom Factor has come out clear, and Tul-wa-harjo will hang; and with Indian stoicism he says that he wants to die quick. It is singular that no one seems to know where Scott Davis and Joe Bateman came from. They were white men, but whether from north or south no one knew. It appears that Bateman was a hard-working, ready-money man, but Davis was something of an outlaw, and had no good standing. The hanging is set for September.

HOW A DENTIST'S BILL WAS PAID.

The Dundee *Observer* has the following toothsome incident that sounds just like a Yates county performance: A young lady while under the influence of an anesthetic, had four teeth extracted. As she was a very handsome "subject," the dentist could not resist the temptation of stealing a kiss for every tooth extracted. The young lady was not so much under the influence, however, as thought, and decided "to be even" with him, and so, arising from the chair, she said she had forgotten her purse, but would send the amount, \$2, the next day by a friend. The following day the friend went to the office and presented the dentist with a bill for his fair customer, in which it gave him credit for extracting four teeth, \$2, and charged \$1 each for the four kisses, and added, "please remit the balance, \$2." He paid the bill. There's a business girl for you!

The majority of girls married in Warren Co., Ky., last year were mere children, their ages ranging from thirteen to eighteen.



MRS. JAMES A. GARFIELD.



PRESIDENT JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Vendetta Vengeance.

The details of the assassination of Marshal W. D. Patton and Deputy Sheriff John Mount, at Fayetteville, Ark., on the night of July 8, were received late in the week and disclose the course of a vendetta organized at the close of the war and conducted from that time to this with a remorseless cruelty almost beyond parallel. A number of families are implicated, nearly all of whom are respectable people, having been drawn into the trouble by the force of circumstances or a desire for self-preservation. The feud reached its crowning point one year ago. At that time John Reed was living on White river, two or three miles from Fayetteville. He was known as a desperado. He had served in the army and after the war kept those living in the neighborhood of his home in terror through various species of ruffianism. He was accustomed to ride into Fayetteville with a party of congenial spirits at his heels and virtually take possession of the town. The little villages of Alma and Van Buren were also subjected to similar visitations. In both places he had serious affairs with various parties, narrowly escaping with his life. He had repeatedly declared that no man could take him.

One evening in May, 1880, while on a shooting carnival at Fayetteville, he was arrested by Deputy Sheriffs Jackson and Sorrell and hurried off to jail, as he refused to give bail. While in the outer room of the prison he became desperate and began fighting like a madman. He seized a bottle and threw it at jailer Moore, knocking him down and wounding him seriously. In the melee the lamps were overturned and extinguished and in the darkness several shots were fired. When lights were again produced Reed was found lying dead on the floor. He had been shot through the heart by some of the officers. The feud was carried on by George Reed, brother of John and almost equally as notorious. He swore to avenge his brother's death. He formed one plot after another for this purpose, but none of them were successful. On the evening of June 6, 1881, he was in Fayetteville and got into an altercation with City Marshal W. S. Patton, who undertook to arrest him. Reed attempted to draw a pistol, when Patton shot him. He tumbled from his horse, dying in about an hour, and this tragedy shook the county. A verdict of justifiable homicide was returned, but the excitement steadily increased and today is at fever heat. James Reed, brother of George and John, took up the quarrel after the curtain had dropped on the second act. Geo. Reed's friends also made threats to the effect that his death should be avenged, that the blood of the dead man should be augmented with the blood of the slayer. Since then Patton has lived in continual terror of assassination, and has taken every precaution to guard against such a doom. But fate was against him. On Saturday night at 10 o'clock, while standing on the square at Fayetteville con-

versing with Deputy Sheriff John Mount, parties lurking in the shadow of adjacent buildings poured a murderous fire upon them and both fell on the ground in the agonies of death. Patton was shot three times, Mount twice. Both died almost instantly. The assassins fled, escaping in the semi-darkness, while the citizens, aroused by the discharge of fire-arms, flocked to the scene of the double murder from all parts of the town. The excitement which now prevails is represented as being intense. The vendetta has now reached a point where the law must seize and crush it. It is understood that arrests are to be made by the wholesale. All or nearly all of the adherents of the Reeds living on White river will be appre-

hended. Fears are expressed that when the parties are cooped in jail they will be taken out and lynched by the infuriated populace. It seems clear that the end is not yet and that more blood will be shed before the vendetta is stamped out. Gov. Churchill has issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$500 each for the apprehension of the assassins of Marshal Patton and Deputy Sheriff Mount.

Diplomatic Dandies.

Before I left Washington there was much gossip about the stories which had appeared in the papers in regard to the young foreign-

ers who at a party plied a young lady with punch until she was under its influence, and afterward boasted at the club of the liberties they took with her on that occasion. I was not acquainted with the family that gave the party and, although I met many people afterward who attended and who spoke of the heat and crowd, yet I never heard any allusion to those disgusting stories until they were published. I infer from this that M. Langel, of the French legation, and Mr. Carree, of the Argentine Republic, have boasted of a matter that is only disgraceful to themselves, and it is shameful to injure the character of the lady as they and the papers are now doing. Carree and Langel are unworthy men Washington well knows; they would never have been admitted to the Gentlemen's club if the members could have prevented it, but admission can not be refused to a member of the diplomatic corps. The club, however, can freeze out objectionable members and this they have done. The club would not tolerate these foreigners after they spoke so disrespectfully of the girl. Next winter they will be ostracised by all self-respecting ladies. It is admitted by those who attended the ball that there was much intoxication; the host asserts that the servants drank the champagne and made the punch by pouring pure whiskey and brandy over the ice in the punch bowl. This strong decoction affected everyone who partook of it; old men who were never intoxicated before suffered from one glass of this punch; many ladies tasted and felt the baleful effects, and each person who was present felt too mortified to allude to the entertainment afterward. Langel and Carree behaved badly to the girl whose reputation they have tried to tarnish. Mr. Polo, of the Spanish legation, is unjustly accused, as I am told he had nothing to do with the matter and left Washington before the other fellows made the boast at the club. He is transferred to the home department at Madrid. The Secretary of State has a young lady daughter and, as he will have to receive all men attached to the diplomatic corps, he ought to ask for the return of Langel and Carree or else refuse them the entry of his house.

Our girls are very silly about these brainless fellows, who have nothing whatever to recommend them. I know of two girls who allowed these two scamps to monopolize their society and even caused invidious remarks to be made in regard to their intimacies. Mothers, you must take better care of your daughters and repress their flirting propensities and desire to be thought belles. Do not cater to their vanity, nor desire vanity in that they should attract attention and the admiration of men. Men dearly love to get hold of a green girl, as they style those who are young and fresh; men have no compunctions about amusing themselves and leaving their victims to suffer the consequences.

There is in Washington an estimable young man who is entitled by birth and education to



MRS. GARFIELD, MOTHER OF THE PRESIDENT.

visit in fashionable society. His mother is the widow of an old and highly-respected citizen. One of his brothers is a physician with a good practice and my young friend found that the quickest road to independence for him was to open a first-class fancy grocery. He is prospering and, to the credit of Washington girls, liked and well received. Mr. M., the grocery merchant, told me that one evening he was visiting a fashionable young lady, when Carrie came in and was introduced. The next time Carrie called at the house he informed the young lady that "if he ever again met that grocery man in her parlor he would pitch him out of the window." "Well," said Mr. M., "I shall continue to call until I meet Mr. Carrie, and I hope he will attempt to carry out his threat." This he did, but Carrie by this time had reconsidered and did not do otherwise than behave politely to Mr. M.—Long Branch Letter.

A Drunken Driver.

The conductor on a train on the Denver, South Park and Pacific railroad, soon after leaving Leadville for Denver, discovered that his engineer was drunk. At the next station he telegraphed to Leadville for a sober engineer. The drunken driver hearing of this dismounted from the cab and, taking a position in the door of the office, displayed a pistol and declared that he would die sooner than allow anyone else to take his place at the throttle. While maintaining this drunken menace at the door of the office, the operator sent a request for an officer of the law to come



OBSTRUCTIONS BEHIND.

THE WAY A DOG SERVED A MAN WHO WAS VISITING HIS NEIGHBOR'S WIFE; CLINTON, ILL.

with the engineer. The engineer and a deputy marshal arrived, the engineer was put under arrest and the train proceeded soberly.

An Explosive Letter.

A mailing clerk in the postoffice at Ottumwa, Iowa, came near suffering the fate of Alexander II. the other day. He brought the dating stamp down upon a letter, when it exploded, blowing out one corner and burning the envelope considerably. The "infernal machine" was forwarded to Washington for an investigation.

Copped by a Dog.

A frisky Lothario, in Clinton, Ill., paid a visit to his next door neighbor's wife during the former's absence. He was sitting on the stoop holding the faithless spouse on his lap when the injured husband appeared on the scene. The



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MISS GEORGIE PARKER,

VARIETY AND BURLESQUE ACTRESS.

Lothario skipped through a hole in the fence that divided the possessions of the pair, but was overtaken by a ferocious bulldog, who grabbed the fellow's coat tail, who held him for his master, who came up and got satisfaction by pounding the rascal.

Four residences near Warsaw, N. Y., were recently struck at once by lightning.

Studying the Comet.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The comet created excitement in more than one New York household last week. Notably in that of a certain elderly scientific gentleman, a resident of West Twenty-third street. The elderly scientific gentleman, though

principally devoted to the congenial subject of fossils, still takes a collateral interest in astronomy, and when the comet came to town got out his best telescope to do it honor with. The roof of his house was the scene of his stellar observations, and he generously invited his family to participate in the fascinating pursuit of knowledge with him.

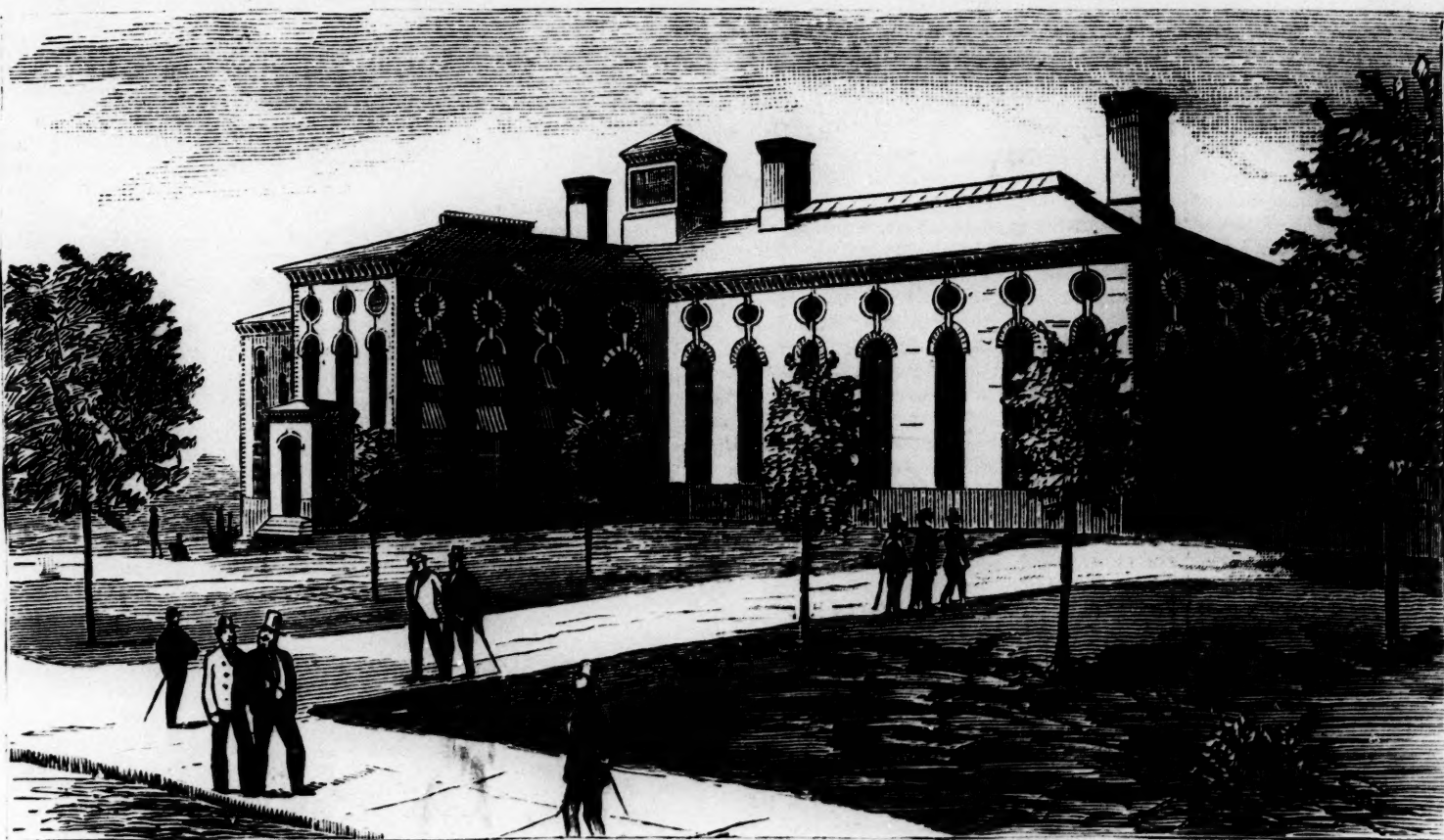
The family consisted of the scientific gentleman's young wife and his equally juvenile nephew. After a preliminary inspection of the comet they surrendered themselves to the pleasures of one another's conversation while the nephew's uncle drank in his ocular fill of the soul-inspiring celestial spectacle. Unfortunately for the peace of the family, he got tired of looking at the comet and permitted his telescope to travel around the heavens in search of other wonders. In the course of its wanderings it got a focus on a young man imprinting a fervid kiss upon the lips of a young woman, perpetrating an outrage upon the rites of hospitality and the marital privileges of scientific men which the professor promptly resented by making the young man see more stars with a telescope over his head than he could have done with it to his eye and a whole meteoric shower in progress.

The young man takes no interest in astronomy now. He is making love to the servant girl in his new lodgings, and if you want to get a certain elderly scientific man of West Twenty-third street real mad, only suggest that he take one of his family to board with him. It will be just as well for you to have your life insured before you try the experiment.



AN EXPLOSIVE LETTER.

A POST-OFFICE CLERK WHILE STAMPING A LETTER HITS A TORPEDO; OTTUMWA, IA.



THE JAIL AT WASHINGTON WHERE GITEAU IS CONFINED.

A Fall River gentleman, Mr. McGowan, recently met Walter Paine, the fugitive embezzler, in Montreal, and says Paine's prosperity is somewhat wonderful. He is putting in the foundation for a large brick mill for the manufacture of white goods, sheeting, and shirting. It will cost about \$35 per loom. He is being backed by \$400,000 of capital raised among Montreal merchants and manufacturers, who think everything good of Paine, and are apparently proud of that enterprising American. McGowan reports that Paine is in the best of spirits, active as a cricket, and will probably make a mint of money out of this and other mills soon to be built. Paine occupies a fine house in an aristocratic quarter of the city. He inquired of McGowan with much interest about his Fall River friends.

LIFE OF CHARLES GITEAU.

The Would-Be Assassin of President Garfield—A Complete History of His Strange Career—His Early Life—Joins the Oneida Community—His Marriage, Infidelities and Divorce—His Experience as a Shyster Lawyer and Boarding-House Beat in New York and Chicago—Becomes a Revivalist and Lectures on Theological Matters—Turns Politician, and Finally Assassin.

The intense excitement following the announcement on July 2d that President Garfield had been assassinated, gave way to a suspense over the chances of his recovery. As each succeeding day gave signs of hope this feeling was succeeded by a desire to learn more of the history of the wretched would-be assassin. From the most authentic sources as well as through its vigilant corps of detective correspondents the POLICE GAZETTE is enabled to present its readers with a complete history of Charles Guiteau during his experiences as "theologian, lecturer, politician, dead-beat, and finally would-be murderer." The first accounts of Guiteau's antecedents made him a French Canadian, his birthplace being Montreal. The journals of that city instantly repudiated the assertion as vigorously as though it were an insult. Then he was laid to Freeport, Ill. Every town seems anxious to acquit itself of the disgrace of being his birthplace as was Montreal. The precise location where he first saw the light is not material. At a very early age he gave evidence of that reckless disregard of paying his honest debts, which was characteristic of him during his varied career down to the day when he secured free board in the Washington jail. Probably the most important and reliable testimony in regard to the character and tendencies of Guiteau, is that furnished in a letter written by his father to another son as early as March, 1873. His sad expression of parental trials and forebodings is entitled to the fullest confidence and most serious consideration. Another conclusive piece of evidence pointing in the same direction, is afforded by the professional experience of Dr. Hood, medical referee of the Pension Bureau in this city. Several months ago, as we are informed, the application of Guiteau for a pension came before that officer for investigation. After examining the documents filed by the prisoner, followed by several interviews with him, Dr. Hood came to the conclusion he was insane at that time, and so endorsed in writing his opinion at that time. This decision, reached by a medical expert when there was nothing in the case as presented to disturb or influence his judgment, would seem, when added to the earlier and positive convictions of the father, to forever settle the question of the prisoner's mental unsoundness beyond all doubt.

Additional accounts of his life have been furnished by his brother John W. Guiteau, a well-known Boston statistician on the subject of life insurance, who has given your correspondent such facts as are within his knowledge of the life of the author of the horrible crime which has stirred the whole nation to its center.

Charles Julius was born in the town of Freeport, Ill., in 1841 or 1842, which makes him 39 or 40 years of age. He was one of the children of Leé Guiteau, late cashier of the Second National Bank, of Freeport, Ill. Mr. Guiteau, Sr., died recently, aged 70 years, and was one of the oldest and a most esteemed citizen of the place. He gave his boys a common school education, but their mother dying when the children were quite young the family became broken up and the children separated. As a youth Charles Julius is reported to have been a good, tractable boy, with nothing to mark him as either better or worse than the average of his associates. Several years before he became of age, and while preparing for college at the University of Michigan, he conceived the idea of joining the Oneida Community and did so. He did well there for some years and finally left because he could not live up to the restrictions of the order. Full of anger, he threatened to issue a publication exposing the peculiarities of that community, but he was prevented from doing so by an article written by John H. Noyes, the recognized head of the community, showing him up and squelching him completely. This was some years ago. Immediately afterward he entered upon the study of law in the office of George Scovell, a brother-in-law, in Chicago. He was admitted to the bar in that city about eighteen years ago, but is said never to have had other than a small office practice in the way of bill collecting and such like small work. He did not appear to have been distinguished for honesty, and it is reported that he was prosecuted and fell into bad odor in that city on account of collecting sums of money which he

failed to turn over to the owners. He eventually had to leave town. The assassin had been traveling throughout New England more or less for a year or two past as a lecturer and assuming the title of reverend. He advertised himself as "lawyer and theologian." He once claimed to be an "Honorable," and his brother telling him that he had no claim to such a title, having never borne political honors, he replied that any lawyer was an "Honorable," and he knew a lawyer in Chicago who had been in the State Prison who advertised himself as an "Honorable." This and the matter of numerous unpaid board bills in Boston led to a wordy controversy which resulted in his being expelled from his brother's house, and subsequently violently ejected from his office, as he would neither take advice nor mend his evil ways and fraudulent practices. This was about fourteen months ago. Charles has been jailed in New York for debt. He has been "shown up" by the Chicago and New York papers for his irregularities and has sued them in return for libel, with no favorable result to himself, of course. At one time he formed a scheme to buy the Chicago Tribune and asked the President of the Second National Bank of Freeport, Ill., to loan him \$25,000 with which to purchase it, promising the President of the bank as an inducement that he would secure his election as Governor of Illinois. The project was not entertained, of course. In numerous places Charles Julius has lectured to very small audiences, advertising himself as "Charles J. Guiteau, the celebrated Chicago lawyer of eminence and ability, etc.," and being shown up by the local press as "skipping out" without paying his hotel and other bills.

During his residence in Chicago Guiteau met and married Miss Annie Bunn, a former resident of Philadelphia. The Needles, a well known family of the latter city, took Miss Bunn to raise when she was eleven years old, and retained her until her eighteenth year. From Miss Needle the following facts have been obtained regarding the marital life of the couple and the causes which led to their divorce:

"Annie was the eldest of two daughters, the mother of whom was left a widow when the children were young. They were English people and the children were both very bright. Annie," said Miss Needles, "was taken by my father and sent to school. She was an amiable child and early became a member of the Nazareth Methodist church on Thirteenth street, above Vine. After a while she began to study telegraphy and became a proficient operator. When she was about 18 she went to Chicago and obtained a situation a short distance out of the city. Some time later, in the year 1867, she procured the place of librarian in the Woman's Christian Association rooms of Chicago and while in the place formed the acquaintance of Guiteau, whom she wrote to me was a lawyer and a Christian and one not given to small vices. From all her accounts we got an idea that he was a model man and just the kind suited to her. She used to tell us about his regularity in attending church. I think they were married in 1868. At this time Guiteau was in the law office of his brother-in-law, Mr. Scovell, who with his wife favored the match and treated Annie very kindly after her marriage. Mr. Scovell advised Guiteau to take a little cottage and go to house-keeping, promising to buy a cottage for them and furnish it at his own expense. This offer Guiteau rejected, intimating to Mr. Scovell that he was able to pay his own way, and went to boarding at an expensive hotel.

"Before they had been married a year I found from her letters that they changed boarding houses pretty often and afterward found it was because Guiteau would not pay his bills. About a year before the Chicago fire Guiteau came to Philadelphia on business and at his wife's suggestion called to see me. My opinion of him was not favorable. The first thing I said after seeing him was, 'You're nothing but a big lump of pomposity.' I felt all the time like saying to him: 'Oh, sit down and behave yourself.' I did not see anything brilliant or smart about him. I discovered Annie was living unhappily with him. They came East with little money, he leaving Annie at my house while he went to New York to open an office. He was a man of brutal passion and treated his wife badly. On one occasion he pushed her into a closet and shut the door, keeping her there until she was nearly smothered.

"After residing in New York a short time, he sent her on to Philadelphia to find a situation, if possible, and make her own living. Afterwards we learned that as soon as he had got rid of her he went to boarding in the most fashionable hotel, expending on himself what would have kept them both. His wife, being unable to get a situation in this city, eventually was taken back by him, but it was not for long. He got rid of her again by sending her off to Saratoga with a family with whom she was acquainted, and where she supported herself by doing housework. His treatment of her became so bad finally that her friends persuaded her to sue for a divorce, which she did and procured it without trouble.

Over the moral or immoral side of Guiteau's conduct while in New York Miss Needle draws a veil. It is sufficient to state that his wife at length became convinced of his faithlessness, which reached its worst stage at the time when

he began to send her away to make her own living. Mrs. Guiteau is now happily married and living in Colorado. Perhaps the best description of Guiteau's character in one sense is given in an incident related by Miss Needles which occurred a year or so after his marriage. He took a notion to go to California but had not enough money. Miss Needles was at that time employed in the office of George W. Childs, and Guiteau, knowing Mr. Childs' reputation for liberality, wrote to Miss Needles, through his wife, asking her to borrow a considerable sum of money from Mr. Childs, for which he promised to give his note. She says she always thought Guiteau a man of rather unbalanced mind, though she never considered him insane.

Not long after the marriage of Miss Bunn to Guiteau in Chicago, she came to Philadelphia, and among the persons whom she visited here was a lady friend residing on Summer street. When she was leaving this friend she remarked:

"If you ever have any business to be done for you in New York, you must intrust it to my husband. I will give you his address."

So saying Mrs. Guiteau handed to the lady a business card of ordinary size. It bears upon its face the following:

CHARLES J. GITEAU,
(Late of Chicago)
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR,
59 and 61 Liberty Street (Marquand Building),
Room 24, New York.
Special attention given to collecting claims and accounts promptly settled.
Elevator in the building.

[OVER.]

The back of the card would seem to indicate that Guiteau was not sure that his name alone would carry great weight with it, for there the following appears:

REFERENCES:

IN CHICAGO.
P. W. GATES, President Eagle Works Manufacturing Company.
General J. S. REYNOLDS, Deputy Collector Port of Chicago.
TREGO & KELLOGG, Grain Shippers.
J. E. BURCHELL & Co., Real Estate Dealers.
SMITH BROTHERS & Co., Wholesale Grocers.
MATHEW GRAFF & Co., Wholesale Fruit Dealers.
P. L. GARRITY, Wholesale Confectioner.
WILLIAM NUNSEN & SONS, Wholesale Can Fruit Dealers.
IN NEW YORK.
General P. H. JONES, Postmaster.
BARCOCK FIRE EXTINGUISHING CO., 407 Broadway.
BRYANT & BENTLEY, Wholesale Jewelers, 12 Maiden Lane.
J. D. KURTZ CROOK, (late of Hayward, Smith & Co., now agent Franklin Coal Company), 71 Broadway Room 33.
CHARLES T. BAUER & Co., Wholesale Tobacconists, 105 Front street.

IN BOSTON.
J. W. GITEAU, General Agent United States Life Insurance Company.
When Guiteau was in Philadelphia, in 1878, for the purpose of lecturing on "The Second Coming of Christ," in St. George's Hall, he made arrangements with the printing firm of Allen, Lane & Scott, to print for him a certain number of copies of a pamphlet on the subject of "Is there a hell? A reply to Robert G. Ingersoll." When part of the number ordered had been printed, Guiteau offered the firm an unreasonably small sum of money on account, whereupon they refused to deliver the pamphlets. A number of them, however, were afterwards sent to newspaper offices. The work was not only without value but without interest. It was immediately after this time that Guiteau lectured in various cities "in reply to Ingersoll," and always announced himself in the advertising columns of the newspapers, as well as in flaming hand-bills, as "A Chicago lawyer and orator of great power."

Newark, N. J., also furnishes a characteristic reminiscence of the assassin, Charles J. Guiteau. He visited there in March, 1878, announcing himself as a lawyer, an orator and a lecturer. He advertised in the local papers as follows:

NEWARK OPERA HOUSE.
"IS THERE A HELL?"
CHARLES J. GITEAU,
A Chicago lawyer and orator of great power, will answer this question and review ROBERT G. INGERSOLL at the

NEWARK OPERA HOUSE, Friday, March 3, at 8 o'clock. Admission 10 cents; reserved seats, 15 cents, for sale at Dennis & Co.'s.
The Boston papers speak of this lecture as a masterly effort full of ideas.

On the day after the "lecture" the Newark Daily Journal gave the following account of it and the lecturer:

"IS THERE A HELL?
"FIFTY DECEIVED PEOPLE OF THE OPINION THAT THERE OUGHT TO BE.

"The man Charles J. Guiteau, if such really is his name, who calls himself an eminent Chicago lawyer, has fraud and imbecility plainly stamped upon his countenance, and it is not surprising that his lecture in the Opera

House last evening did not leave a pleasant impression on the minds of the fifty people who assembled to hear him reply to Bob Ingersoll's talk on hell.

"His lecture was a wonderful production of genius. It consisted of the averment that the second coming of Christ occurred in the year 70, when Jerusalem was destroyed; interesting readings from the Book of Genesis, and the prediction that the world would soon come to an end.

"Although the impudent scoundrel had talked only fifteen minutes, he suddenly provoked brilliantly by thanking the audience for their attention and bidding them good night. Before the astounded fifty had recovered from their amazement, or the half-dozen bill collectors who were waiting for an interview with the lecturer had comprehended the situation, the latter had fled from the building and escaped. He is supposed to be a first cousin of the spiritualistic fraud who played the same game in New Institute Hall last spring."

It was ascertained that the notices Guiteau exhibited as having appeared in the Boston papers were fabrications.

EPISODES IN GITEAU'S CAREER.

About twelve years ago, when Essex Market police court in New York had become notorious as a place where all sorts of crimes could be compromised by a venal police justice, a number of shysters, broken down lawyers and practitioners ruined by liquor, were to be met with daily at that court. These misnamed lawyers would often hunt up cases for police justices and share in the spoils, and on one occasion a fight occurred in court between a magistrate and a shyster, upon a division of half a dollar. Among these shysters was Chas. Guiteau, who had part of an office in the rear of a liquor store on the south-east corner of Broome and Essex streets. Guiteau's merit consisted mainly in the nefarious manner in which he would secure cases, and many an innocent person would be mulcted in the shape of a fine for an offense he had never committed, whilst thieves, vile women, and such offenders against the law, would be allowed to escape if they had only enough of money to compromise the case. One of Guiteau's practices was to cause the arrest of Bowery demimondes who had not previously paid him a fee, have the women locked up at night, appear for them the next morning as lawyer at the Essex Market, and thus share the fine which was certain to be imposed.

He afterwards moved his office to Broadway, and his characteristics are thus described by John O'Neill, his office boy:

"I was office boy for Charles J. Guiteau in 1873 or '74. He had desk room in Mr. Hawes' office rooms at 170 Broadway. I was hired by Guiteau, but was also to act for Mr. Hawes in consideration of the desk rent, I believe, Guiteau to pay me. I suppose he thought it easier to cheat the office boy than Mr. Hawes. He would pay me a few dollars at a time, saying he was short. This went on for a few months, when he told me I wasn't needed any longer. He then owed \$12. I called a number of times after this, but he put me off with promises. At one time, when I asked for the money, he took hold of my arm and dragged me out into the hall, where we had a rough and tumble. The noise brought out the clerks and lawyers, who were going to thrash Guiteau. Then he walked down stairs and into the street without saying a word. A few weeks afterwards he removed to Chambers street—51, if I remember rightly. Some time afterward I saw his name in the Bennett Building directory.

"He seemed to be a very quiet, gentlemanly man, seldom speaking to anybody. He appeared to be an American, and had plenty of quiet cheek, borrowing law books, letter presses, etc. Almost every day men came to his office presenting bills, but I never saw him pay any. He would tell them with a half-smiling, half-scared face that he was short and that if they would call on a certain day he would pay them; but he was pretty certain to be out on that day. The bills were generally for stationery. He would have half a dozen or a dozen boxes of envelopes and letter paper on top of his desk and still order more and never pay for it. He was always writing; it usually ended in the waste basket. The next room was occupied by a lawyer, an ex-judge, who went home early. If a visitor called on Guiteau after the ex-judge had gone, Guiteau took him into this room which was furnished nicely, threw his legs over the desk and impressed his visitor with the idea that this was his private office. I never believed Guiteau to be insane at that time, nor have I heard anybody else say so; but he has had enough trouble since then, of his own making, to drive any man crazy. I used to think he'd pay what he owed if he had the money, but that his practice would not bring him enough. I always thought him a shyster lawyer. He walked softly, with his head down, looking in all directions; never would look you straight in the face; always spoke in a confidential way. If a creditor urged him too much he would grab a letter on the desk and appear to read it, telling the man in a fierce, low tone not to bother him, that he was busy.

"I met Guiteau last fall passing down Broadway, looking very seedy. His complexion was light, hair of a dark flaxen color, inclined to curl, eyes dark blue. His face at times was very red from drink or anger. You would never think he would make an attack on the life of a President."

After beating all the landlords who trusted him for office rent and all the landlords who trusted him for board and lodging, he pawned a watch that he had obtained in some under-handed manner. He got out of town on the proceeds and was next heard of as a revivalist. He figured in Hartford, Conn., during the Moody and Sankey revival there a few years ago, sitting on the platform with the speakers and local clergymen. He wanted to institute a series of meetings and to speak on the second coming of Christ. A writ was issued for his body, but he outran the sheriff and escaped. A year later he delivered his lecture in one of the churches, his address being a reply to Ingersoll's attack on the Bible.

His wanderings in different cities up to the Garfield-Hancock campaign were a repetition of his former experiences. Finally he came to New York, and pestered the Republican committee to give him a circuit to stump. He delivered one speech, and on that effort based his claims to a fat office under the new administration. When Garfield was inaugurated, Guiteau went to Washington. He spent a great deal of his time in the last few months in Lafayette Park, in front of the White House. Sometimes he occupied his time in reading. Often he fell asleep on the bench.

He infested the White House and the Capitol at all hours of the day and made himself a nuisance to all whose business called them at those places.

He was soon found out by the attaches of the house and was simply tolerated. What he wanted was a consular position to France. He used to write notes to the President, of which the following is a sample:

"I regret the trouble that you are having with Senator Conkling. You are right and should maintain your position. You have my support and that of all patriotic citizens. I would like an audience of a few moments."

He would sit around for hours and never say anything.

He would approach one of the clerks in a very humble way and try to ingratiate himself in his good graces. He was regarded as harmless, but at times he was incoherent. He used to seize upon the White House stationery and take some of it off and write innumerable letters. He would also utilize the blank cards by writing himself a supply to be in readiness if he should ever need them. One day Col. Crook, the disbursing clerk, said to him: "You seem to make yourself at home here and to be laying in a supply of stationery." Said Guiteau to him in an insulting manner, "Do you know who I am? I am one of the men who made Garfield President." Brown informed him of the true character of Guiteau and he was not allowed the liberty thereafter of the White House stationery. Last Friday he met one of the employees and was very particular in inquiring when the President would leave and on what train and road. He had an idiotic grin on his face at times. One day he told a reporter that this was "a hell of a government, the people are no better than slaves."

The details of his attempted assassination of President Garfield are too well known to be repeated here.

Mr. Herzog, the dealer from whom Guiteau is said to have bought the pistol, on being interviewed by a correspondent gives some facts of interest preceding the crime. The correspondent says:

"I found Herzog in his little store on Ninth street, between D street and Pennsylvania avenue, surrounded by as miscellaneous a collection of articles as could be found outside of the most characteristic portion of Chatham street. Herzog's line as a tradesman runs to male and female habiliments, hand-me-downs, venerable and tender with years. In fact, he buys and sells everything necessary to wearing apparel, from a top coat to a shirt button. Upon my questioning him he answered unhesitatingly and promptly, here and there going back to correct what he had said or to emphasize it. His story was smooth and his manner of relation careful and frank.

"Just as I am now I sat right here about four or five weeks ago" (he was seated on a trunk at the door of his store), he said, "when two men approached and after looking in the window, where you see the firearms and such good displayed, one of them turned and said to me, 'Mr. Herzog, have you an English bull-dog pistol?' I replied, 'I have something nearly like it,' and as I rose to enter the store they followed me. We entered the store together," suiting the action to the word.

When Herzog had gone behind his counter he continued:

"I came in with them as we have done and took this pistol out of the window just so."

Here he exhibited a pistol, taking it, however, from the showcase on the counter.

"Look at it; it is the same make as the English bull-dog, but you see it is marked 'Eureka,' forty-four calibre and all the same as the bull-dog."

"What did your customer's companion look like? Please describe him as nearly as you can remember."

"He was much taller and stouter than the man who spoke to me and was dressed in dark clothes and a dark—I think a dark—Derby hat. He was clean shaved, except he wore a mustache—a black but not a heavy mustache."

"Do you think you could recognize his companion?" I asked.

"I think I could. My clerk here thinks he could, too."

The clerk, S. Guggenheimer, joined in:

"Yes, I know I could. For when a man wants a pistol I always take good notice of him so as to remember him should anything occur afterward."

Turning to Herzog, I asked: "What did Guiteau, or the man you think was Guiteau, say?"

"He took the pistol in his hand and examined it carefully and in the style of one familiar with fire arms. Then his companion took it and he seemed to be still more familiar with pistols. He looked at it and looked in the muzzle and without looking at the stamp pronounced it a 44 calibre. Then Guiteau, or the man I took for Guiteau, said, 'Is it a strong shooter? Would it kill a man?' Those were his exact words."

The clerk, Guggenheimer, explained:

"You said, I think it might kill an elephant."

"So I did," added Herzog, "and you, Sam, said—"

"I said," interrupted Sam, "that most assuredly it would kill a man; that no man could live with a 44 ball in him."

"And then," continued Herzog, "his companion said, very quietly, it ought to kill a man. Then he (meaning Guiteau) asked the price. I said \$7.50 or \$8, which was it, Sam?"

"You said seven and a half."

"It looks to me like a very cheap pistol," I remarked.

"Oh, it is very cheap."

"I mean it is cheap at half the money. It is cheap in make and finish," I explained, fearful that the dealer thought I was a purchaser.

"Oh, no. It's a good pistol, but we sell it as a second-hand one."

The pistol I found on examining it to be of cheap manufacture. A determined man would prefer a more reliable weapon. It was good of its kind, but its kind wasn't good.

"Well?" said I.

"The man I think which was Guiteau then said, 'If I can't get the English bull-dog I'll come back and take this one.' Now, I want to say something," continued the second hand dealer; "I haven't seen Guiteau since his arrest. From this picture, and especially this one—(displaying a cut in the POLICE GAZETTE)—I should say it was he who called on me."

"Are you sure of it?" I quickly asked.

"I would like to get a good square look at him and then I could swear to him—whether he was the man or not."

"I think the same man, two weeks before this time, called and wanted me to buy a meerschaum pipe, and said he was a Chicago lawyer here on government business and expected to get a large sum of money. I remember his saying that distinctly."

"Was the pipe a valuable one? Did you buy it?"

"Yes; I only paid \$1 for it."

"When the two called five weeks ago, as you say, did they seem to be acquainted thoroughly? Did they seem to understand each other?"

"Yes; it looked as if they did; it seemed that together they were hunting for a pistol, and were both alike interested in getting one. They seemed bent on the same thing."

"Did they appear at all nervous?"

"No, not at all. They talked quite sensibly—I mean coolly. This Guiteau looked like and acted like a little blower."

The clerk—"He was very high-toned and a loud talker."

"What makes me think," continued Herzog, "so much about the man—what impresses him to me—was that customers seldom ask for that kind of a pistol. I've been in this business eight years and that's the first call I have had for a British bull-dog, or English bull-dog, as he called it. Men usually ask for a Smith & Wesson or for Colt's, so that impressed him upon my mind."

Following up this subject of Guiteau's hunt for a pistol I met a hardware merchant here, who said:

"One of my clerks told me yesterday that a couple of weeks ago a customer wanted an English bull-dog, and he says he thinks after looking at the picture that it was Guiteau. The assassin appears to have traveled around considerably to get the pattern he wanted. I know of three places where he called. The bull-dog was the best, he thought, for his purpose. It is for close quarters and for killing, like a Derringer. It was the pistol above all others that he wanted for the shooting as it occurred."

Since Guiteau has been confined in jail he has stated that he first conceived the idea of killing the President about six weeks ago and so far as can be learned, seems to be correct, and since that time there is no evidence that he has been in communication with anybody. He pretends to have been moved by what he chooses to call a patriotic impulse to save his party, but selfishness was at the bottom of the deed. He judges all men by himself, and his talk indicates that he firmly believed that a change in the presidency would be credited to him, and that he would receive a reward for it. In his depravity he could not appreciate the feeling of horror that his act would arouse in the breast of every true man. He imagined that he would become a great hero. While his mind is not sound, those who are admitted to see him do not, as a rule, consider him insane.

GUITEAU IN JAIL.

Guiteau's commitment to jail was regularly issued by Judge Snell. It has been stated District Attorney Corkhill committed Guiteau to jail Saturday morning, but the facts of the case are that about fifteen minutes after the shooting of the President Captain Vernon, of the police force, came to the police court and stated that he had consulted Secretary Blaine as to the proper mode of proceeding, and was advised by Mr. Blaine to go to the police court and get a warrant from Judge Snell for assault and battery with intent to kill. The warrant was sworn out by Captain Vernon, and a commitment was placed in his hands. He immediately committed Guiteau to jail on these papers, to await the result of the President's injuries.

On the wall of Guiteau's cell are four pictures, cut from illustrated newspapers, pasted to one side of the window and placed one underneath the other. They are—First, George and Martha Washington; next, *Puck's* "Tally-Ho" picture of General Garfield choosing his Cabinet; then directly under this a full sized picture of General Garfield, with his hands in his pockets, looking down on Guiteau's cot, and lastly, *Puck's* picture of English Lords and American looms. These were pasted up by Percy Brown, who occupied the cell some time since, pending his trial for blackmailing Mrs. Willard. Upon being asked whether the curiosity of the public was great to see the prisoner Warden Crocker replied that a great number applied to see him the first few days, but within the past few days scarcely any one came. But if they thought there was any likelihood of seeing him he did not doubt that the prisoner would be overrun with visitors.

Guiteau is up every morning with the lark and perched upon the sill of his cell window gazes at the narrow streaks of light. But as soon as the guard looks toward him he ducks his head and disappears after the style of a prairie dog. He goes bare headed around his cell, in his bare feet, and wears only his pants and shirt. His coat and hat he keeps hanging from a peg in the wall. He does not look so wild out of the eyes as he did when the key was first turned on him, and he says he is going to banish the thought of the President and political matters from his mind and devote all his time to reading the Bible.

"This is hell," said Guiteau, peevishly, one day last week, as he paced up and down his five by eight cell. He asked a guard to tell him whether the President was dead or not; if alive still what were the chances of his recovery. No reply was made to him. He declared that he would not tell anything more to any official who should visit him until he should be allowed to see the papers. There is general commendation of the course pursued in regard to Guiteau. What he would like would be that the newspaper reporters should have access to him, that his opinions and doings should be spread abroad, and that he should be allowed to feed his love of notoriety by gloating over the papers daily. Instead of this no information is allowed to reach him, and no one is allowed to visit him save the law officers of the Government and District. This seclusion is the worst punishment that could be inflicted upon him, and he chafes under it. A company of artillery is stationed inside the jail wall, and a soldier is constantly on guard in the corridor in front of Guiteau's cell. One of the deputy wardens is also there constantly but they are forbidden to speak to him. They are placed so that they could see and instantly frustrate any attempt at suicide or escape. There is no possibility of him breaking out or of a mob breaking into him. The outer wall of the prison is three feet thick. Within that is a corridor eighteen feet wide. Then comes another three feet of masonry, and inside are the cells.

Guiteau receives the same treatment as the rest of the prisoners. His prison cot is furnished with a straw mattress, two blankets, and a pillow. Every prisoner is required to keep his cell tidy. Guiteau generally gets up at about 6, makes his bed, and puts his room in order. At 8 o'clock he receives his breakfast, consisting of potatoes, bread, and coffee, and alternately of either salt mackerel or codfish. This is put in a tin ration box and handed in to him. He has dinner at 3 o'clock. It consists of bread, potatoes, and alternately of corned beef or fresh meat. Three times a week he receives vegetable soup in addition. On Friday he gets no meat at dinner, but is given bean soup instead. He gets only these two meals a day. At 9 o'clock the gas is turned off and the lights in the cells go out, when there is nothing for him to do but to go to bed. He eats and sleeps well.

There could be no severer punishment to a person of his depraved mind and perverted feelings than the seclusion and ignorance in which he is kept. His egotism and vanity are intense, and nothing troubles him save that he is not allowed to revel in the details of the crime.

Gen. J. S. Crocker, the Warden of the jail, said to your correspondent: "Since he has been here he has never manifested any sign of regret or remorse on account of his act. He takes a pride in the notoriety he thinks he has gained, and would like to talk about it constantly if he was allowed to do so. He was very inquisitive at first in regard to events outside, but no one was allowed to talk to him or give him any information, and he has stop-

ped asking questions because he finds it is no use."

"How does he pass his time?"

"He lounges on the bed a good deal of his time. Sometimes he walks up and down his cell for exercise, and he reads about half his time. After he found that he could not get hold of any newspapers he asked for some reading matter. I mentioned several books that we had here, but he did not care for them, and said he would rather have a Bible. He was given one, and said he would read it through by sections. I suppose he meant that he would start at Genesis and go straight through, as that was the way he seems to be doing. He said to me that he had been a close student of the Bible, and had once written a book called "The Truth," which he intended to be used as a companion volume to the New Testament. He said that he had published the work, but nearly the whole edition had been destroyed by fire in the printing house. He had rewritten and enlarged it, but had not been able to publish it again."

"Did he say anything about his religious opinions?"

"He said that he was a Christian, but that he had some peculiar views of his own. He thinks that the second coming of Christ took place at the destruction of Jerusalem. He also holds that people at the present day get inspiration from God just as in the days of the prophets."

Gen. Crocker said that there was nothing irrational in Guiteau's manners or behavior. He displays a retentive memory. He has never shown any signs of fear over the consequences to himself of his act. Gen. Crocker once asked him if he wanted counsel, and he replied: "No, not at this stage of the proceedings."

Although he receives no information he surmises that the President is still alive from the fact that he is not arraigned. During the hot weather of the past week he wore only a shirt and a pair of pantaloons and went about his cell barefooted. Once he complained of illness and the jail physician found that he was somewhat bilious and prescribed for him. He asked for a bath, which was allowed. He appeared to enjoy it very much and put on fresh underclothing furnished from the prison store. He remarked, on being put in his cell again:

"I am going to dismiss the President and politics from my mind now and read the Bible."

When Gen. Crocker approaches the cell he always endeavors to get into conversation, in the hope of getting some information, but the warden will tell him nothing and he retreats sulkily to his bed and goes on with his Biblical studies.

Gen. Crocker has received a letter from Chicago in which the writer advises that Guiteau be kept on low fare to tame his egotism. The writer, who signs himself George Pike, says:

"I stopped at the same hotel in New York with Guiteau when he told me that he was capable of great deeds; that on good nourishing food he felt heroic and could attempt great things; that poor food took all the stamina out of him and made him feel despondent. Guiteau is a great rascal; his philosophy is: 'The end justifies the means'; that he is entitled to get a living anyhow until he achieves an exalted position, then he will do everything straight. Colonel, keep the fellow's diet low and you will bring him to a sense of the crime he has committed. Keep from him all causes that might keep up his pride. I know the scoundrel's views. He understands considerable of human nature. He thinks phenomenal conduct mystifies and creates wonder."

The officer who looked up Guiteau in a cell at police headquarters a few minutes after the shooting says:

"The man looked frightened when brought in. He was very nervous. His eyes were snapping and wild. I put him in a cell as quickly as possible. He at once became cool and deliberate and when asked why he had committed this terrible deed he calmly and firmly replied: 'It will be no use for you to ask me questions, for I am a lawyer.' He refused to say anything whatever regarding the affair at the depot."

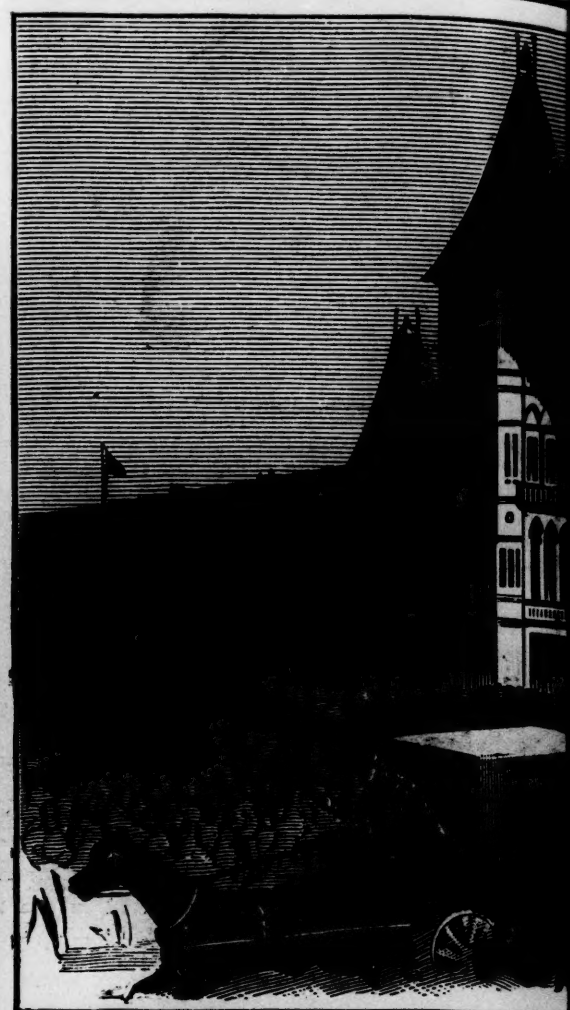
One of the policemen who helped to take Guiteau from police headquarters to the jail says:

"I don't think that the wretch is so far gone with insanity that he is not afraid to die. We kept him here at headquarters but a short time. A very threatening crowd began to gather in front of the building on the avenue and it was decided to be best to get him away as soon as possible. While we were getting him into the closed carriage there were cries of 'Shoot him! Kill him!' These threats frightened him. As soon as he was put into the carriage he crouched back in the seat and pulled down his hat over his eyes. McElfreest sat on one side of him and I on the other, and the fellow concealed himself as well as he could between us. He was greatly frightened; he trembled with fear. He remained drawn up in that way until we got up on Capitol Hill, half way to the jail. At this point we saw Smith, one of the messengers belonging to the White House. We stopped the carriage and told Smith that the President had been shot; that he was still at the depot but would soon be taken to the White House. Smith was greatly shocked and started down town, but only took a few steps, then hurried toward the carriage

(Continued on Page 11.)



GUARDING THE SICK GARFIELD



BOUNCING AN M.D.

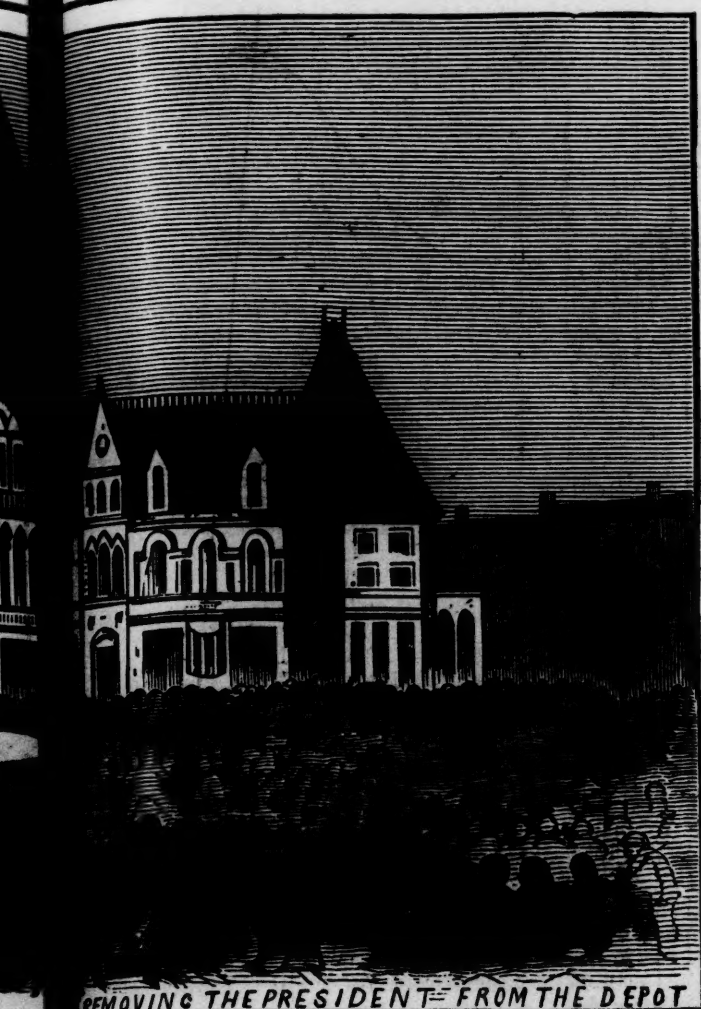


SOLDIERS GUARDING THE WHITE

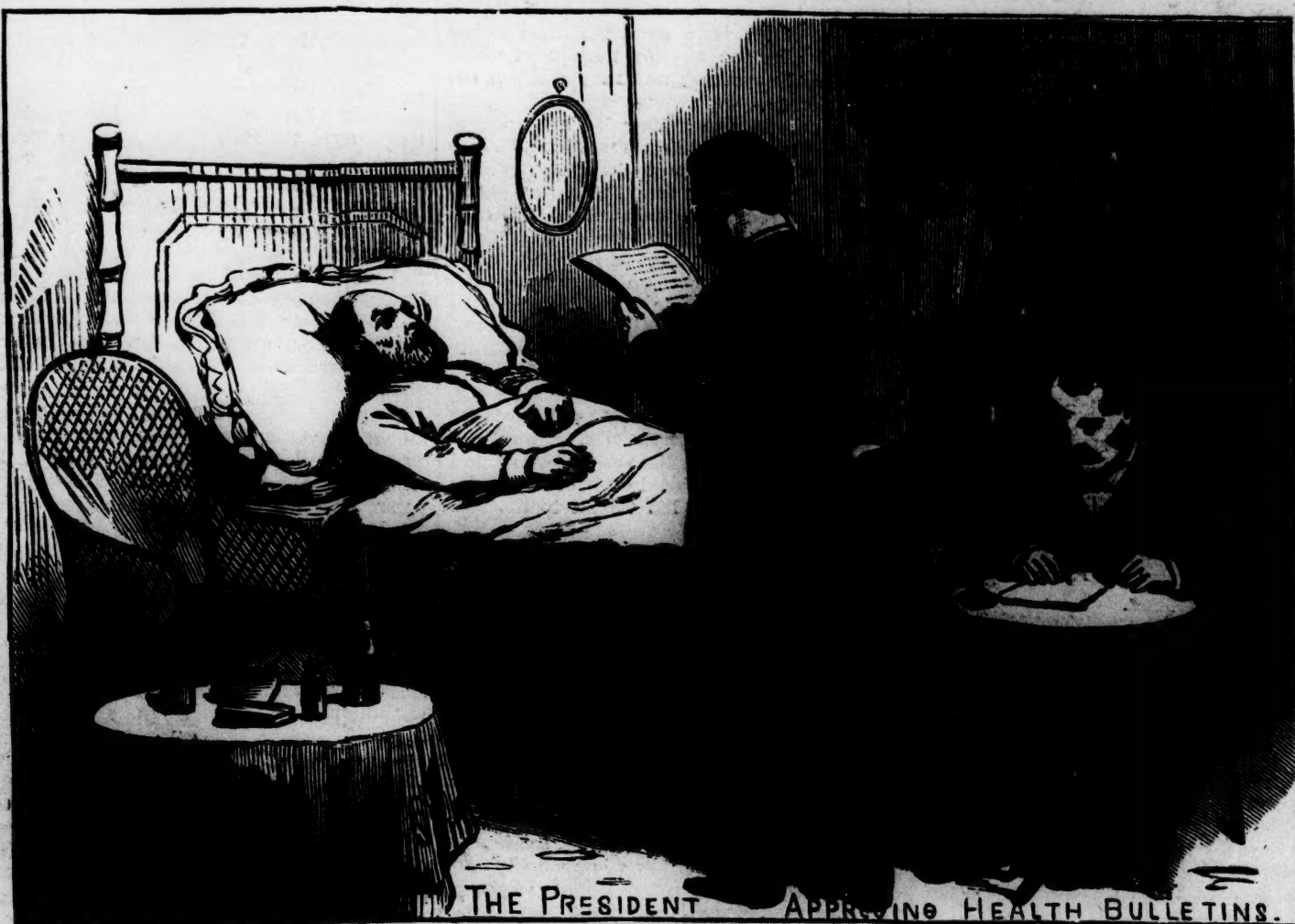
STORY OF CHARLES CUITEAU'S LIFE.

GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

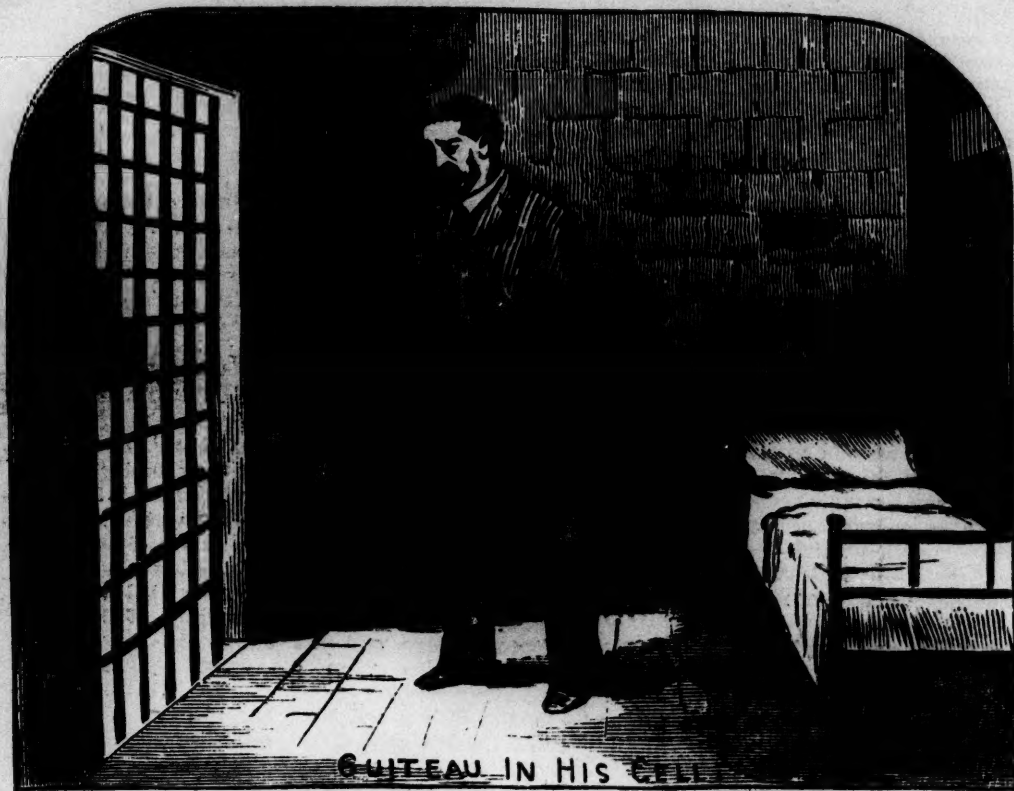
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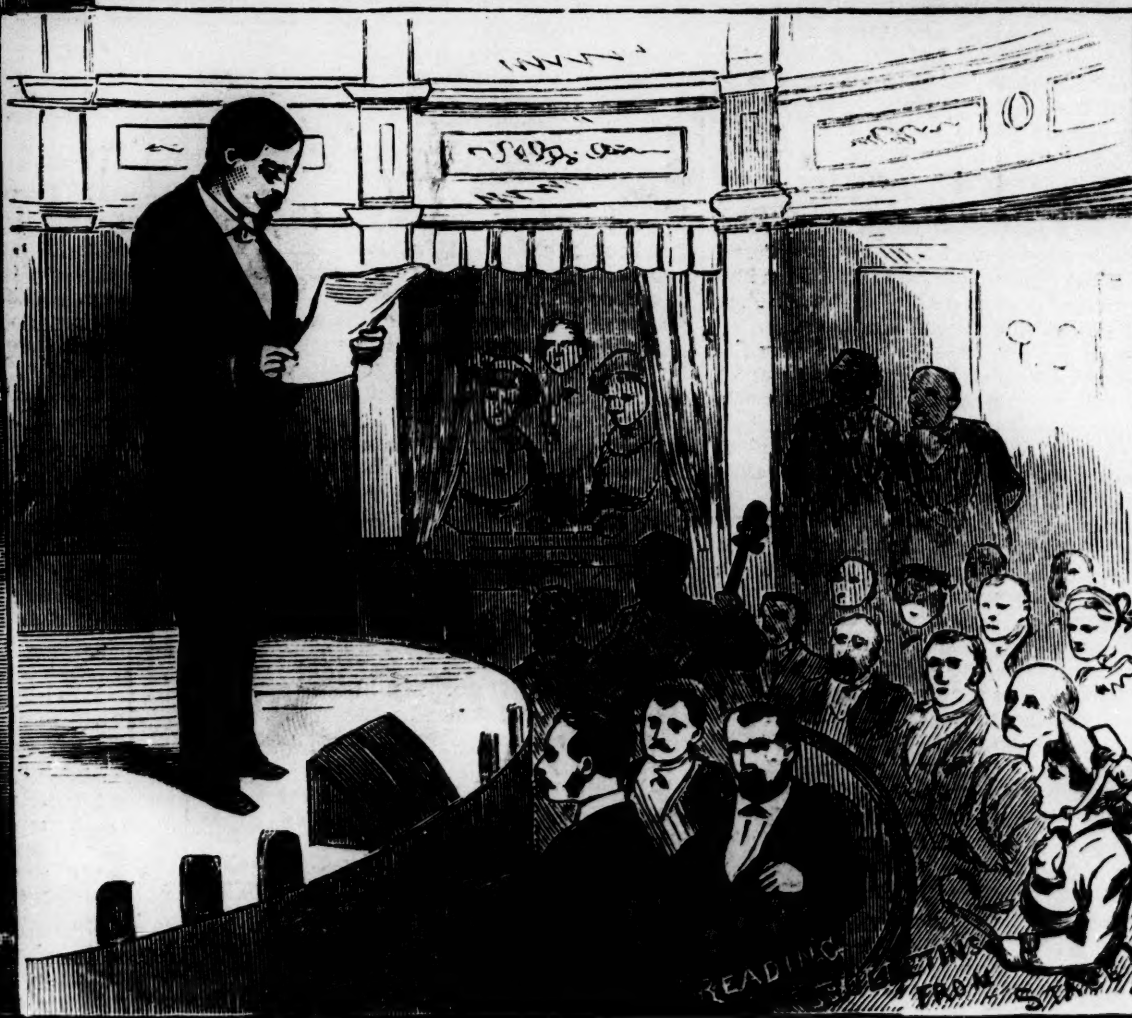
REMOVING THE PRESIDENT FROM THE DEPOT



THE PRESIDENT APPROVING HEALTH BULLETINS.



CUITEAU IN HIS CELL



AMERICAN PRIZE RING

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its
Heroes—Great Fistic Encoun-
ters Between Pugilists of
the Past and Present.

The Great Battle For \$5,000 Be-
tween the Champions of the
Old and New Worlds.

How Mace and Coburn Battled
With Nature's Weapons for the
World's Championship at
New Orleans.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE.

In the fall of 1871 sporting circles were agitated over the prize fight between Joe Coburn, the Irish-American champion, and Jim Mace, who were to meet for the second time in America and fight at catch weight for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world. As we have already stated, the pugilists met five miles from Port Dover, Canada, on May 11, 1871, to fight for \$2,000 and the championship, but the military stopped the affair. Richard Hollywood, of Indianapolis, Ind., formerly of New York, ordered them to fight June 2d, at Kansas City, Mo.

Mace proceeded to the place appointed, and Coburn failing to appear, Hollywood decided that Mace was entitled to the stakes. Harry Hill, of New York, refused to give them up, however, under the circumstances, and finally a fresh match was arranged, \$1,500 a side being added.

Many supposed that the match would end in a fizzle like many had done before. Then there was another class of sporting men that were confident that the pugilists would fight. In the meantime both pugilists prepared in the customary way for the great battle, and as the time drew near feeling ran high among the admirers of the principals, who were to be numbered by thousands, and naturally this interest was deepened, and the excitement in pugilistic circles increased, by the affair assuming a sort of international importance; while the public were in a great measure influenced in their sympathies for one or the other of the men by their nationality, and all looked with exceeding anxiety to the settlement of the question which for several years had been mooted—which of these wonderfully scientific men was really the better pugilist.

The great battle was fought at Bay St. Louis, Miss., on November 30, 1871. A tremendous crowd paid the high tariff for the excursion tickets and journey to witness the pugilists battle with nature's weapons for \$5,000.

We shall never forget the trip, for the rain fell in torrents, and the weather and the climate together was enough to take the courage out of a bull-dog—let alone a pugilist.

Both pugilists pretended they were in the best of condition, but neither appeared to be or at least their condition physically did not suit our ideas. Mace appeared to have a worn out look while Coburn was never in such fine condition as when he stepped into the enclosure at Port Dover.

Mace had Jim Cusick (John C. Heenan's trainer and second) and Tom Allen to attend to him, while Coburn's seconds were Tom McAlpine, better known as "Soap," and Tom Kelly of St. Louis, to second him.

The referee was Rufus Hunt of New Orleans. Jim Coburn, of New York, was umpire for Joe Coburn, and Al Smith, of New York, was umpire for Mace. In the betting while the preliminaries were being arranged Mace was a heavy favorite and \$100 to \$50 in many instances found few takers.

After Joe Coburn had put on his "fighting togs" he walked over to Mace's corner and offered to bet \$500 even up that he would win and the bet was at once accepted.

As the fight was between the champions of the Old and New Worlds we publish the rounds. Coburn, when he came defiantly to the scratch to battle for the honor of America weighed 163½ pounds. Mace weighed 165 pounds.

The pugilists were in earnest, and after a few moments' sparring and fiddling about for an opening, Mace offered at the body, but the blow was turned aside by Coburn, who countered on the left side of the body, rather low, shortly afterwards effecting a lodgement for a left-handed shot, light, on the breast. This Mace returned on the mark, receiving therefor a gentle tap on the ivories, which wasn't exactly to Master Mace's liking, and he forced matters, planting his right on the left optic lightly and delivering a couple of times on the body in Coburn's corner. Mace got in one on the ribs and cross-countered on the neck, the round ending by Mace being thrown

heavily, amid the exultant shouts of Coburn's adherents. So well had the latter done in this round that the betting changed so much that the odds offered on the English ex-champion were very slight. Over half an hour elapsed from the call of time until the close of the round, by far the greater portion of which was spent in sparring and a repetition of the Canada tactics.

In the second round Mace did not manifest the same inclination to assume the offensive this time, endeavoring to induce Coburn to lead, which the latter finally did, sending in the left on the body, which Mace returned with a clip on the mouth. Twice afterwards did Coburn offer, but each time Mace was away; but in reciprocation for a tap on the nose Coburn sent home a reminder on the body, which was his main point of attack. Mace tried to counter, but the blow was neatly parried; in getting together again Mace landed his left heavily on top of Coburn's nut, when Coburn dashed in, getting home twice on the head and once on the ribs, for which he received a receipt on the neck; a clinch, and Mace was again thrown in the centre of the ring, Coburn adding his weight to the fall. Time, 10 minutes.

The third round opened with another display of fencing, neither caring to risk the chances of leading. At last Coburn offered the right, which caught Mace on the nose and mouth, the latter giving change by a left-hander on the cheek. Coburn now dashed to close quarters, when several hot shots were discharged by both. Coburn then grappled, and a brief struggle terminated in the men going to mud (the rain had been falling heavily, and the ground was in a miry state) locked in a close embrace, the advantage being slightly with Mace.

When the pugilists came up for the fourth round no blood was yet visible upon the face of either, a claim therefor on behalf of Coburn in the opening round having been disallowed. Like the preceding ones this round was inaugurated by tedious maneuvering which was ended by Mace delivering the left on Coburn's right eye, Coburn dropping his right on Mace's breast. More fiddling; Coburn hit at the body, but his blow fell harmless, and Mace countered lightly on the nasal organ, endeavoring to follow it up with another on the eye, but Coburn wasn't there just then. Coburn then jumped in and got home a one, two on the body and head, evading Mace's return. More sparring, ending by Coburn getting in on the body, but receiving more than he gave by a slashing hit from Mace's left on the dial. The referee thrice urged them to commence before another blow was struck; Mace leading and reaching the neck, Mace countering with terrific force, the blow cutting an ugly gash on the corner of Coburn's left eyebrow, causing the ruby to gush forth and making Coburn's head swim. (First blood for Mace, claimed and allowed.) After more sparring Mace sent in another on the bad orb; Coburn returning a one, two on the ribs and mouth, and receiving on the forehead. A rally, both striking rather wild, and Mace, who had the worst of it, dropping in a suspicious manner in front of the referee; Coburn walked to his corner. Fifty-seven minutes were consumed by this round.

In the fifth round Mace led with the left, which Coburn napped on the nose. Coburn rushed in and a rattling rally ensued, hits being exchanged rapidly. A break-away and more sparring, arm-rubbing and grinning formed the prelude to sharp exchanges in Mace's corner, ending by their going over the ropes together, alighting on their heads and turning a complete somersault outside the ring. The cheering was loud and enthusiastic and Coburn stood rapidly advanced. Indeed, Jim Coburn offered to wager \$100 to \$50 on his brother.

In the sixth round Pooley Mace complained that Coburn had something in his hands. The referee ordered him to open his hands, and as he did so two small tightly-rolled pieces of oakum fell out; but as the referee said as it was nothing worse than that he would allow the fight to proceed. Few blows were exchanged in this round, slightly in favor of Coburn, one of whose head-pollies partly turned Mace, who went to grass from a slip, one of his spikes having broken. Coburn turned and walked back to his corner.

The seventh and eighth rounds require little description. The first, which lasted twenty minutes, was mainly made up of sparring, a few sharp exchanges, winding up by Mace being back-heeled, Coburn falling upon him. There was more fighting in the eighth, Coburn assuming the offensive vigorously and finally cross-buttocking Mace. The betting was now at evens; Mace's left hand was puffed up considerably, and he appeared much weaker than Coburn.

In the ninth round neither seemed anxious to begin, a long spell of sparring taking place. Coburn first offered, getting in heavily just above the belt. Mace claimed a foul, but it was not allowed. After another tiresome exhibition of sparring and strategy, the men clinched and Mace was thrown, the friends of Coburn again testing their lungs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Two Boston women, aged 67 and 60, had a desperate fight in the street, and one was killed by being knocked into a cellar.

ECCENTRIC TANTRUMS.

JOHN MOMFORT married a widow at Buena Vista, Ga., and on the day after the wedding undertook to whip his stepson. The bride seized her husband and held him fast, while the boy killed him with a knife.

WILLIAM BENNET of Denton, Ala., wanted to marry a servant girl. "If you make such an alliance we will disinherit you," his father wrote. "The girl refuses me, and I am about to commit suicide," was the message returned by the son before killing himself.

PARIS is evidently to have a terrible duel. Lullier, an accomplished swordsman, who is the insulted party in the quarrel with Cassagnac, announces that the duel will continue till the last drop of blood is drawn and the body of the vanquished is at the disposal of the victor.

GALVESTON society welcomed, supported and all but worshipped a Captain E. P. Bouverie Tempest, believing him when he said he belonged to the British navy, was a boon companion of the Prince of Wales and had money coming right away from home. He was an impostor.

AFTER four marriages of a conventional sort, and after arriving at the age of 80, a Kentuckian eloped at night on horseback with the youthful belle of Buckner, hastened romantically to a clergyman twenty miles away, was chased by the angry father, and is now enjoying a honeymoon tour.

A CALIFORNIA critic in the *Argonaut* speaks of some seminary girls in an audience who heartily laughed with the French gentlemen when two questionable lines were sung in a comic opera, while the French ladies blushed behind their fans, but he excuses the girls because probably they did not understand French.

THREE children of Sheriff Micken, of Hernando county, Florida, aged 8, 11, and 14, were murdered by a negro in whose charge they were left. After robbing the house, the fiend endeavored to kill the father on his way home, but, instead, was captured, confessed his crime, and was lynched in presence of two hundred citizens.

ADAM WILKES is not ugly, yet he has a mania for hiding his face. He engaged a potter to enclose his head in an earthenware globe, which fits rather snugly around his neck, and has apertures corresponding with his eyes, nose and mouth. Wearing this protection against the gaze of the people, he has for a month wandered through Indiana.

MRS. O'LEARY, who owned the cow that kicked the lamp that started the fire that burned up Chicago, has turned up in a police court, charged with assault and battery on a neighbor. She is described as a little weazen woman without any signs of greatness. She has put off her widow's weeds since she achieved fame and is now known as Mrs. Jacobs.

CHARLES BOUNY, a young member of one of the oldest families of New Orleans, killed himself at a picnic at the lower city park. He pretended to have lost a ring, charged a young woman with having it, and threatened to shoot himself if she did not return it. She replied that he had better carry out his threat, and he immediately did so. The ring was found in his pocket.

JUSTICE PRATT, of Brooklyn, granted an absolute divorce to William Wallace (colored) from Deborah Wallace. The plaintiff entered his decree the same afternoon, got a certified copy to serve on his wife, and invited his counsel and Deputy County Collector George Barnard to attend his wedding. "Yeth," he said, "oh, yeth, I'm gwine to get married agin to-night. I'm a free man now."

A SAN FRANCISCO woman refused to accept a portrait which an artist had painted for her, on the ground that it did not do her justice. For revenge he heightened the bad points by retouching, so that the picture became a caricature, though remaining a likeness. The work was then put on exhibition in a store window on a principal street. A suit for damages is to be brought by the woman.

THERE was a big storm at Mississippi City, Miss. Brother Haskell's camp meeting tabernacle was crowded. While the lightning was flashing and the thunder pealing, the evangelist cried out: "Keep your seats and you are safe; go out and you are struck dead! God is in the boom; the tent is waterproof." Fifteen minutes after the congregation left a lamp exploded, burning severely watchman Wilson and scorching the grand organ.

A FEW weeks ago a woman at Wausau, Wis., in the pains of childbirth sent her husband for a physician. The brute, instead of securing the services of a doctor, proceeded to a saloon and got beastly drunk. The neighbors soon after discovered the woman and child dead. The family consisted of four small children beside the parents. One day last week the heartless father decamped, leaving the children entirely destitute and a county charge.

ONE of the best stories incident to the publication of the Revised New Testament is told at the expense of the pious bulls and bears of Wall street. Some enterprising fellow bought several thousand copies of the old version, and putting them into new bindings, did a thriving business at one hundred per cent.,

peddling them among the brokers for the new version. It is wickedly believed that the same trick could not have been played upon any other class of business men.

A YOUNG fellow in Chicago fell in love with an actress by observing her winning ways on the stage, and despairing of ever being able to make her acquaintance, he sent her a note in which he laid his liver at her feet and told her just what he thought of her. In conclusion he begged her not to be angry, but to give him a chance to prove the sincerity of his feelings and his respectability, and added: "If you are not cross at my writing this, will you please throw two carrots at your mother in the scene where you find yourself at home?"

THE daughter of George W. Lee, of Newark, N. J., was married at the family residence, last week Thursday evening, and after the ceremony the father of the bride stepped forward to congratulate the newly married couple, when he was seized with sudden and severe pains in the region of the heart. A physician was summoned, but Mr. Lee died in a few minutes afterward. Death was caused by heart disease. Mr. Lee had been indisposed during the day, but nothing had been thought of his symptoms. He was 50 years of age.

AN interesting contribution to the literature of suicide is made in a pamphlet recently published in Berlin. The suicidal mania is spreading so rapidly in the German capital that the authorities are earnestly considering in what manner it can best be checked. The pamphlet above referred to states that in the years from 1875 to 1877, 283 cases of suicide were registered per million inhabitants in Berlin, 285 in Vienna, 450 in Leipzig, and only 85 in London, Paris, with 400 suicides, nearly approached the startling figure of Leipzig.

At a Fourth of July picnic in Louisiana the game of throwing rubber balls at the head of a negro as it was thrust through a hole in a canvas attracted attention through the wonderful dodging of the living target. Nobody had yet hit him, and he had grown over confident, when a drunken fellow offered \$5 for five throws with a stone. The bargain was made, and the crowd eagerly watched the dangerous sport. Three times the negro dodged the missile, but on the fourth it struck him squarely in the forehead, fracturing his skull.

BAKER was imprisoned in Chicago, and decided to make a confession of his fault to Miss Creed, his betrothed. The letter which he wrote was pathetic in language, and closed with a plea for her forgiveness; but when it reached her it bore a postscript, forged by the messenger, asking her to send some money immediately. She had none, she said, but would appeal to her papa. The rascal suggested that, as no time was to be lost, she might let him have her watch and diamonds to pawn. She did so, and the swindle yielded \$300.

A VERY rich old man had married a young wife and died suddenly, on which the widow raved like a maniac and exclaimed to the doctor who stood by the bedside of the deceased: "Oh, I'll not believe that my dear partner is dead; he could not die and leave me! No, no! he's alive—I'm sure he's alive! Tell me, doctor, don't you think so?" "Madam," replied the medical man, with much gravity, "I confess that it is possible that he may be revived, I will try the galvanic battery." "Oh, no, no!" cried the grief-stricken widow. "Hard as it is to bear my fate, I will have no experiment against the law of nature. Let him rest in peace."

A VERY remarkable thing has happened at Jacksonville, Fla. The Mayor of that municipality is a Jew, with the simple name of Dzialynski—which nobody is obliged to pronounce unless he has a mind to—and who, it was thought by those who voted for him, would be a little blind to violations of the Sunday laws. The Israelites, especially, thought he would allow them to keep their shops open on the Lord's Day, and voted for him in a body. But, to their intense surprise and disgust, he insists that all men shall cease from their accustomed business, and all the howls about "bowing the knee to the Philistines," &c., which arise against him, he treats with silent contempt. Accordingly, Jacksonville is becoming a very orderly town.

A MEANER husband than a young physician of Chicago, as shown by testimony in court, it would be hard to find. He had a wealthy father but dissipation had cut him off from money in that quarter and his professional practice amounted to nothing. He married a girl who earned \$20 a week in a millinery store, and allowed her to support him. Whenever she was ill he sent her to her mother's home in Michigan and his letters during these periods were curious. He advised his precious darling to come back as soon as possible, and demand an increase of pay from her employer; he urged her to try and get a railroad pass so as to avoid the expense; he thought it hard that his own "precious wife" couldn't re-engage at a higher salary, adding, "I do not hope for wealth, but God knows I do think we deserve a living;" he assured her that her longing and loving husband had pawned his overcoat and was in a great hurry to see her. She worked on patiently when able, while he made no advance in his profession. At length his father died and he came into his inheritance. He immediately deserted his wife, got a fraudulent divorce and married a prettier girl.

LIFE OF CHARLES GUTEAU

(Continued from Page 7.)

and eagerly asked, "Who shot him?" McElfreest said, "This fellow we have here in the carriage; and in order to give Smith a look at him I pulled Guiteau's hat up so as to disclose his face." "Why," said Smith, "I saw that fellow prowling around the White House last night." Guiteau shrank from Smith's gaze and continued to crouch close to the back of the carriage.

Since his imprisonment the would-be assassin has said that he experienced the happiest moments of his life when on the way to jail; but according to the statements of the police officers instead of being radiant with joy, of glorying in his deed, he was shaking with fear of being lynched.

Captain John McGilvray, U. S. A., the officer commanding the soldiers stationed at the jail, was asked if he thought his force was sufficiently strong to repel any effort that might be made on the part of a mob to get possession of Guiteau. He replied that he had 28 men under him fully equipped, who with the 17 guards on duty at the prison, in addition to 25 detailed policemen, were a sufficient guarantee against a contingency of this character. Warden Crocker said in this connection that the construction of the jail, with only his own regular guards, would enable him to stay the progress of any mob.

In order to supply the demand for portraits of the assassin photographer Bell visited the jail under the auspices of District Attorney Corbhill and General Crocker, the warden of the jail. Guiteau at first objected to have his picture taken, saying he desired to have it taken in first-class style by the best photographer in the country, but after being informed that Bell was one of the best he consented. Bell placed his instrument in the rotunda of the jail and sent for Guiteau. He was brought down from his cell by Gen. Crocker and his assistants. He immediately walked up to the photographer and said:

"I am the person who wants his photograph. Now I want you to do me full justice. See that you get the correct expression of my eyes."

He buttoned up his coat, brushed back his hair with his hands and arranged his necktie just as any other person would do who was preparing for a sitting. He took a position standing by a chair, with his head thrown back and assuming the air of a man of great importance, inquired if that was not an excellent position. The photographer told him that he was standing rather stiff and that he should place himself in a perfectly easy position. Guiteau remarked that he supposed he, the photographer, knew his business and that he could arrange him in such a way as to suit himself. What he wanted was a picture and that they should be very careful about getting the correct expression of the eyes. Eight different styles of pictures were taken, showing him standing with his hat off, and sitting with full and side face. After each sitting, when the photographer would take out the slide to be examined, Guiteau would inquire how that looked, if the eyes were all right, etc.

Guiteau, in his conversation with his guards, evinces no remorse for his deed. He desires to figure alone in the commission of the horrid crime and resents any implication that others have been associated with him. He esteems his deed one of peculiar glory and desires to retain all the honors for himself. Guiteau looks upon himself as God's instrument and never tires of saying that he is a Christian and that he believes in the Church and the Young Men's Christian Association. He proclaims his deed to have been done in the interest of religion and the American people and is inclined to look with somewhat of pity on those who have him in charge and those who are prosecuting him as men who are lacking in the finer and higher religious feelings of which he is possessed. So egotistic is he that he seems to fancy that the world at large must look upon him in what he conceives to be his true character. He insists that he has no ill feeling against the President and has said more than once that he considers him a splendid product of American citizenship. He further says that he has performed his duty and if the President recovers it will be God's will and he will never again attempt his life.

This indicates the general purport of the man's conversation. He is, according to his own story, a fanatic who has been moved to shoot the President by the command of God and for the welfare of the Republican party and the American people. How he gained this idea is very well understood by the District Attorney, who declines to make any statement of facts in the case.

FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

(With Portrait.)

Miss Georgie Parker is a variety and burlesque actress of great talent and beauty. She has been before the public a long time and has won golden opinions in every city where she has appeared.

In our issue of June 11, in an article headed "A Champion Mean Man," describing a case before Judge Cady in a St. Louis police court, by a typographical error the name "Nugent" was used instead of "Jameson." We hasten to make the correction immediately upon our attention being called to the mistake.

A NICE COUPLE.

Trial of Jeremiah Dunn, who Tried to Elope With His Brother's Wife—A Story of Domestic Complications and Attempted Murder

The Augusta, Ind., scandal mentioned in a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, implicating Jeremiah Dunn in a complicated elopement with Mrs. Jesse Dunn, his brother's wife, and an assault upon his brother because his plans were frustrated, was made a matter of court record in that place by the jury trial of Jeremiah. The testimony disclosed a singular and sorrowful state of affairs in this household, of which the defendant had been an inmate since October last. Since when he began to court his brother's wife was not shown, but it developed that an elopement was planned for the night of June 27, and on that day Jeremiah came to the city and purchased two tickets for Peoria, Ill., near which city they intended to locate. That night he drove back to his brother's residence, and, according to agreement, placed a ladder at the second story window, upon which Mrs. Dunn was to descend and join him. The barking of a dog alarmed the husband, and when he went out to reconnoiter, Jerry threw the ladder down and retreated up the road, where he had fastened his team. Afterwards he drove back to the house, and finding his passage disputed by the husband, who had barred the door against his entrance, he shot twice with his revolver, and afterwards broke the door down and attempted to force his way to the upper rooms, where Mrs. Dunn was awaiting his coming. The pathetic part crops out in the entreaties of the husband for his wife not to do this thing, in contemplation of which his grief became so excessive that he determined upon suicide, from which he was prevented by his brother. The confusion, coupled with the pistol shots, aroused W. H. Case and W. T. Bromfield, neighbors, living one-fourth of a mile distant, and they dressed and went over, arriving in time to see Jesse at the head of the stairway, disputing Jeremiah's progress, and vehemently asserting that only over his dead body could this wrong be accomplished. At that time Jerry was swinging his revolver in his hand and swearing that he had brought it to use and would use it if he was interfered with. Jesse was unarmed, but when reinforcements came, in the person of two friendly neighbors, he kicked Jeremiah down the stairs, and with the aid of Case and Bromfield, disarmed and threw him upon the floor, where he was held until he surrendered and agreed to leave the premises. Mrs. Dunn, upon being called, came forward, and in the course of her testimony, while admitting the proposed elopement, denied that Jerry had made any threats against her husband, or that he contemplated any violence, save in self-defense. A short argument by opposing counsel closed the case, and after a verdict of guilty had been returned, the Squire placed the bond at the highest limit, \$500, in default of which he was committed to jail.

THE FAT PROFESSOR

Lectures on "Diana"—A Woman Who Did not Care a Cent for the Fashion—How She Amused Herself.

Podunk academy was wrapped in silence. There was a look of interest on every face, for the professor having organized a summer school was preparing to lecture on revised mythology. The professor always imbued mythology with fresh charms. He had an idea that the style taught in colleges was too vague and uncertain. It made too many poets and too few mule steers. So then, utter silence reigned until the fat professor exclaimed, "Diana."

"I am lecturing on Diana. Any remarks I may choose to make upon Jupiter can be heard at the close of these exercises. As I was saying, Diana was the daughter of Jupiter. She was the fastest girl on the mountain; she was the girl of her period. Hunting was her occupation—hunting with a bow and arrows. Diana was brave. She delighted most to chase the graceful stag, but she would tackle anything from a cat up to a giraffe, and everything that Di. tackled died. Her costume—I wish, my dear young friends, I could describe it, but I cannot. It was a cross between a female circus rider's costume and that of a male tight-rope performer. She had not as much hoop as the former and a little more skirt than the latter. It was short—very short. In all her life, no man ever stepped on Dian's skirt. He would have to step on Diana, too, and Diana allowed no man to step on her.

"There is one thing I always admired about Diana. She never let a man fool around her. It was a settled and well-accepted fact that she was not on the marry and would not even countenance a vague flirtation. Vague is the next degree to mild, hence I said vague. She once boxed Cupid's ears for proposing such a thing; nevertheless, when the little rascal suggested that perhaps no man would have her, she up and spanked him until he could hardly fly.

"Diana never married. She was an old maid to the end. But she was the liveliest old maid that ever trod grass. I remember an instance that admirably illustrates her charac-

ter. She was once engaged in washing, so the records say, and I presume it was her week's washing that was being—ah—ah—ah—washed. Diana had but one suit, and consequently had to pick her times. She had just emptied her first water, and was rinsing out her polonaise, when looking up she beheld near at hand one of the city chaps, followed by two setter dogs. The fellow went by the name of Actson, and when Di. discovered him his mouth was in a broad grin. Not a word passed between them, but before Actson had time to finish his whistle, she let him have a tub of boiling water square in the diaphragm. He skipped, and they do say his dogs mistook him for a deer and ate him up."

The professor laid down his manuscript. "Didn't Diana feel sorry?" asked a pale boy on the front.

"No; why should she?"

"I dunno, sir," sobbed the boy bitterly. "I only thought dynamite."

KISSES AS CURRENCY.

(Subject of Illustration.)

There are various ways of getting into the circus besides the orthodox and eminently proper one of buying a ticket for cash. People who join a circus get in for nothing, of course; small boys sometimes gain admission by carrying pails of water for the stablemen or doing chores for the show. Other small boys creep in under the canvas, climb in by the side poles, and dodge past the door-keepers when the crowd favors them. But all these methods and every other we can recall, are tame and prosaic beside that employed by certain young ladies of the Mill City Female Seminary to effect an entrance into the charmed precincts where the glories of the spangle and tan-bark world are unfolded to the fascinated eyes of an astounded universe.

When Coup's great show planted its centre poles in Mill City that community, thanks to the gorgeous preliminary advertising of the genial agent, Mr. R. F. Hamilton, was in a fever of excitement. The great factories which give that city its name were closed and everyone took a holiday. Everyone except the pupils at the seminary, that is. The instructors at that font of learning did not include the circus in their studies, and when it came to town they set a stern taboo upon the enjoyment of its pleasures by the young ladies of the seminary. There were some of these, however, who had made up their minds to see the show at no matter at what cost. They had not the price of one admission among half a dozen of them, but that did not mar their calculations in the least. They would get in, somehow, and as the poet has remarked, "when a woman will, she will, and don't you permit it to evade your recollection."

It was an easy matter for them to escape from the seminary and they escaped early. They were taking in the exterior of the great show, prospecting for an opening big enough to admit the passage of their plump anatomies, when their ears were assailed by a most melodious whistle. It proceeded from a face which was visible at a flap in the canvas; a face which they recognized by its patches of red, white and black and its generally unearthly appearance as that of one of the mirth-provoking stars of the ring, a descendant of the original Mr. Merryman himself. Mr. Merryman was not long in learning what the fair explorers were after, and that afternoon six well-pleased girls enjoyed the circus and informed their friends, in strict confidence, of course, that the clown was the sweetest and most artistic osculator they had ever met, and they would prefer going to the circus through the dressing-room tent to making their entrance by the front door, anyhow. The chances are, then, that the clowns who visit Mill City hereafter will have a sweet thing of it if they know how to appreciate their good luck.

MALE AFFINITIES.

Two Hearts that Beat as One and Boots of the Same Kind.

One was a traveler for a New York house and the other was a Detroit business man. As they came up on the car from the Central depot they were talking about some elopement case, and a fox-eyed old man on the rear platform, with a thin satchel at his feet, did his best to catch every word, and seemed considerably excited. When the business man got off at Griswold street the old man followed him, and slapped him on the shoulder and said:

"My friend, I would like to speak to you in private. Please enter this stairway."

Amazed and astonished the citizen complied, and when they were out of ear-shot of the street the stranger began:

"Are you a married man?"

"I am."

"So am I. I see we agree perfectly as to the blessings of matrimony. You believe your wife devoted to you?"

"Of course."

"And I believe the same. Our souls seem to be in sympathy thus far. Now, then, if a man should come to you and ask you if you had any suspicions of your wife's fidelity, what would you do?"

"I'd knock him down!"

"So would I, and then step on him to boot. Did you ever see two souls blend together as

ours do? Perhaps we were born in the same house. But to continue: Have you perfect confidence in your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"So have I in mine. Lands alive! but here is a veritable case of two hearts that beat as one! Isn't it astounding?"

"Who are you, sir?" sharply inquired the citizen.

"Tompkins, and if that should also be your name, I'd be done for."

"But it isn't my name; and now I want to know what you mean by all this talk. Why did you follow me and ask those questions?"

"Prompted by sudden impulse," was the cool reply. "Did you have one, too?"

"I'll prompt you with my boot, you old skulk!" shouted the indignant citizen, as he prepared for action.

"Just exactly as I'd serve you under the circumstances! I tell you there's a tie between us some—"

Three stout kicks must have snapped it, for after they were delivered the old man went around the corner at a gallop, and the citizen kept straight up the street.

AN INDIAN QUESTION SOLVED.

Pocahontas Tells Why She Was so Sweet on Smith.

The editor of *Nye's Boomerang*, who claims to have made the study of the Indian character a life work, has in his possession a letter written by the well known Pocahontas to her father and translates it for the benefit of his readers. It will be seen that Pocahontas was just as cute as some women of the present day. There was method in her madness.

"WEROWOOMOOO, Sunday, 1607.

"DEAR PAW:—You ask me to come down to you before another moon. I will try to do so. When Powhattan speaks his daughter tumbles to the racket.

"You say I am too solid on the paleface Smith. I hope not. He is a great man. I see that in the future my people must yield to the white man.

"Our people now are pretty plenty and the paleface seldom, but the day will come when the red man will be scattered like the leaves of the forest and the Smiths will run the entire ranch.

"Our medicine man tells me that after a time the Powhatan tribe will disappear from the face of the earth, while the Smiths will extend their business all over the country till you can't throw a club at a yaller dog without hitting one of the Smith family.

"My policy, therefore, is to become solid with the majority. A Smith may some day be chief cook and bottle washer of this country. We may want to get some measure through the council. See?

"Then I will go in all my wild beauty and tell the high muck-a-muck that years ago, under the umbrageous shadow of a big elm, I plead with my hard-hearted father to prevent him from mashing the cocoanut of the original Smith, and everything will be O. K.

"You probably catch my meaning.

"As to loving the gander-shanked paleface, I hope you will give yourself no unnecessary loss of sleep over that. He is as homely as a cow-shed struck with a club and has two wives in Europe and three pairs of twins.

"Fear not, noble dad. Your little Pocahontas has the necessary intellect to paddle her own canoe, and don't you forget it.

"Remember, me to Brindle Dog and his squaw, the Sore-Eyed Sage Hen, and send me two plugs of tobacco and a new dolman with beads down the back. At present I am ashamed to come home, as my wardrobe consists of a pair of clamshell bracelets and an old parasol.

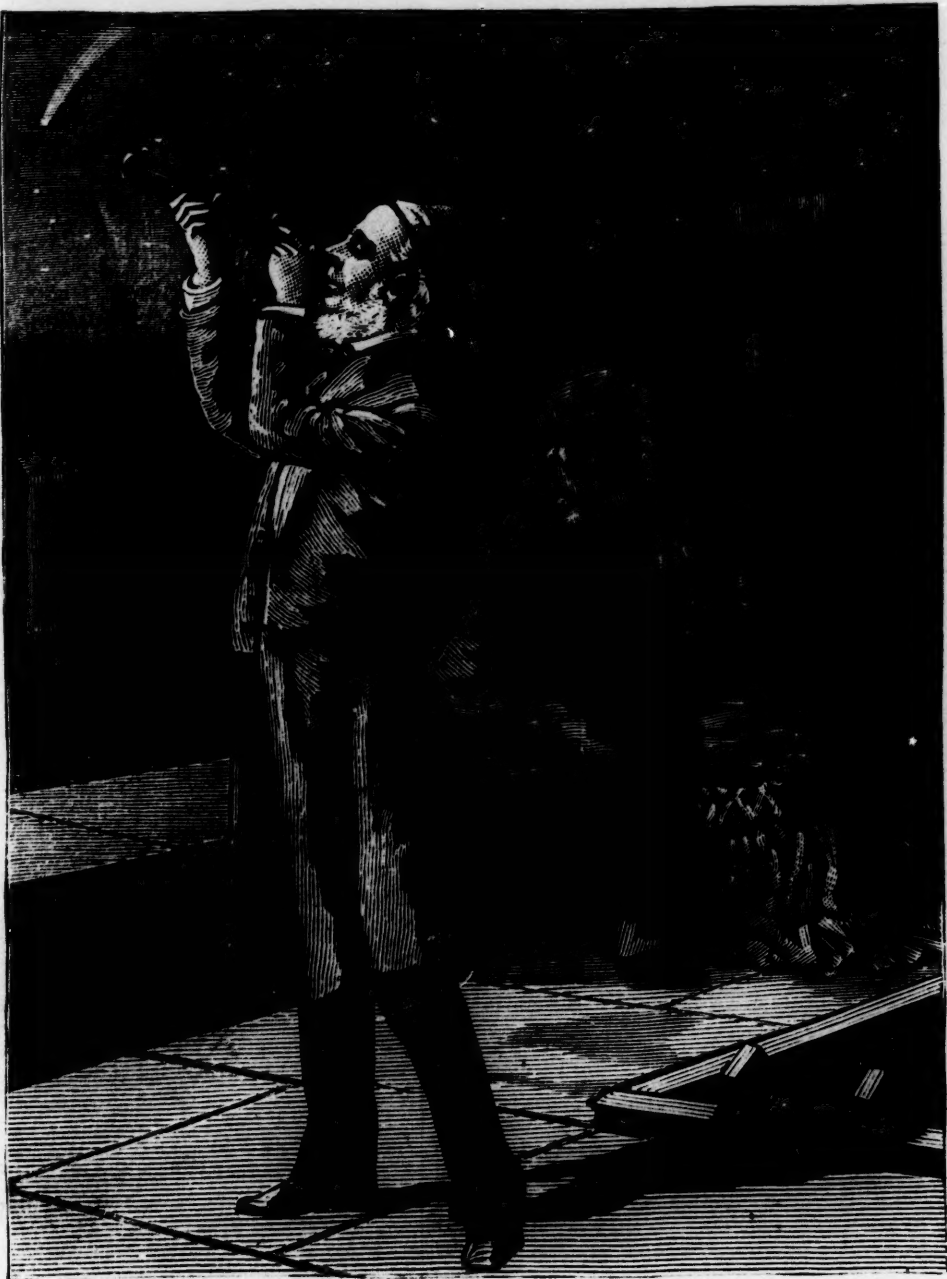
Pocahontas."

A RIDE TO DEATH.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A remarkable and thrilling tragedy occurred near Patterson's mill, N. C., last week. It seems that Lewis Steele, a young man, poor but worthy, had been for some time past paying attention to the sister-in-law of Ford Knox, a young farmer living in that vicinity. Knox for some reason objected to Steele, and warned him to discontinue his attentions. The matter had, however, gone too far. The young woman liked Steele, and the two agreed that, come what might, they would not be separated. The young woman lived at her brother-in-law's house, and therefore her meetings with her lover had to be by stealth, but recently Knox discovered the trysting-place, and determined to break up the affair. The lovers were in the habit of meeting in a shady dell watered by a brook, and the hour for their tryst was fixed not for the moonlight or early evening, but 10 o'clock in the morning. This time was selected because Knox was generally out in the fields. In the morning he laid in wait for the lovers, and met them coming down the path, Steele riding a mule and the girl behind him. Hot words were passed and pistols promptly drawn, as both men were prepared for the emergency. Knox got the drop on Steele and shot him through the heart. His lifeless hulk and his innamorata fell from the mule together. Knox has escaped.

A HISTORY and full record of Charles Murphy, the noted oarsman and wrestler, whose portrait appears in this issue, was given in the last issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.



STUDYING THE COMET.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO STUDIED EARTHLY AFFAIRS WITH AN OLD SCIENTIST'S YOUNG WIFE, AND WAS SUBSEQUENTLY MADE TO "SEE STARS," NEW YORK CITY.



LOVE AND A MULE LEAD TO BULLETS.

A YOUNG MAN AND HIS SWEETHEART WHILE TAKING A RIDE TO THEIR TRYSTING PLACE ARE SHOT BY THE LATTER'S BIG BROTHER-IN-LAW; PATTERSON'S MILLS, N. C.



KISSES AS CURRENCY.

HOW SOME PRETTY DAMSELS OBTAINED FREE ADMISSION TO A CIRCUS.—A CLOWN WHO ENJOYED A STREAK OF LUCK THAT WOULD MAKE A PARSON ENVOIOUS; MILL CITY, IA.

The Pangs of Conscience.

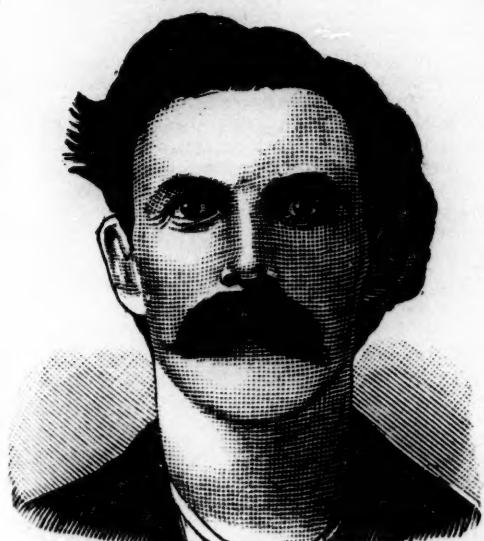
A correspondent writing from Robinson, Ill., has learned the particulars of a long-concealed crime and death-bed confession, and gives the following particulars:

About fifteen or sixteen years ago, John Steward was killed by William Carver, about two or three miles east of Palestine, Ill., on the Indiana side of the Wabash river. Carver and Rufus Hutchings, the latter aged about 18 years, and both living at Palestine, went across the river to see a woman named Sarah Little, then living at Steward's. When they arrived at the house they were both pretty drunk, and got into a quarrel with Steward, and Hutchings handed his double-barrelled shot-gun to Carver, and told him to kill Steward. Carver took the gun and fired a load of buckshot, killing him immediately. The woman was the only one who knew the circumstances of the killing, and after threatening to kill her if she told it, they left. Carver was captured in Terre Haute, Ind., a year or two after, was tried in the Sullivan county circuit court, and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. On account of the absence of the woman Little, and by the efforts of friends and able counsel, Hutchings was acquitted. The woman had disappeared very suddenly, and was never heard of again; and although there were rumors of murder, nothing was known.

After Hutchings was acquitted he returned to Palestine, and remained until within the last two years. He then went to some town in Indiana, where he died a few days ago. Before his death, and after he found there was no hope for his recovery, he sent for a minister and made in substance the following confession: He said that after the killing of Steward he thought he would not be safe until the woman Little was out of the way, as she would be the principal prosecuting witness against him. At this time the woman was living on what is known as Lindsay's island, located in the Wabash river, just opposite Merom, Ind., with a man named Paul Lindsay. Lindsay was the leader of a gang of horse-thieves and the island was their headquarters. Hutchings went to Lindsay, and a plan was laid to get rid of her. One night she was induced to get into a skiff with Hutchings and Lindsay, and, after rowing down the river some distance, she was thrown overboard, and when she succeeded in grasping the side of the boat the men used their oars in beating her off until she finally went down. He also said that Carver is not the one who ought to be in the penitentiary, as he was so drunk that he was not responsible for his acts at the time. Efforts have been frequently made to procure the pardon of Carver, but unsuccessfully. He has made several attempts to commit suicide since his confinement. After this confession, if any one should take hold of the matter he could likely be pardoned.

Henry McDonald, Murderer of George Myers.

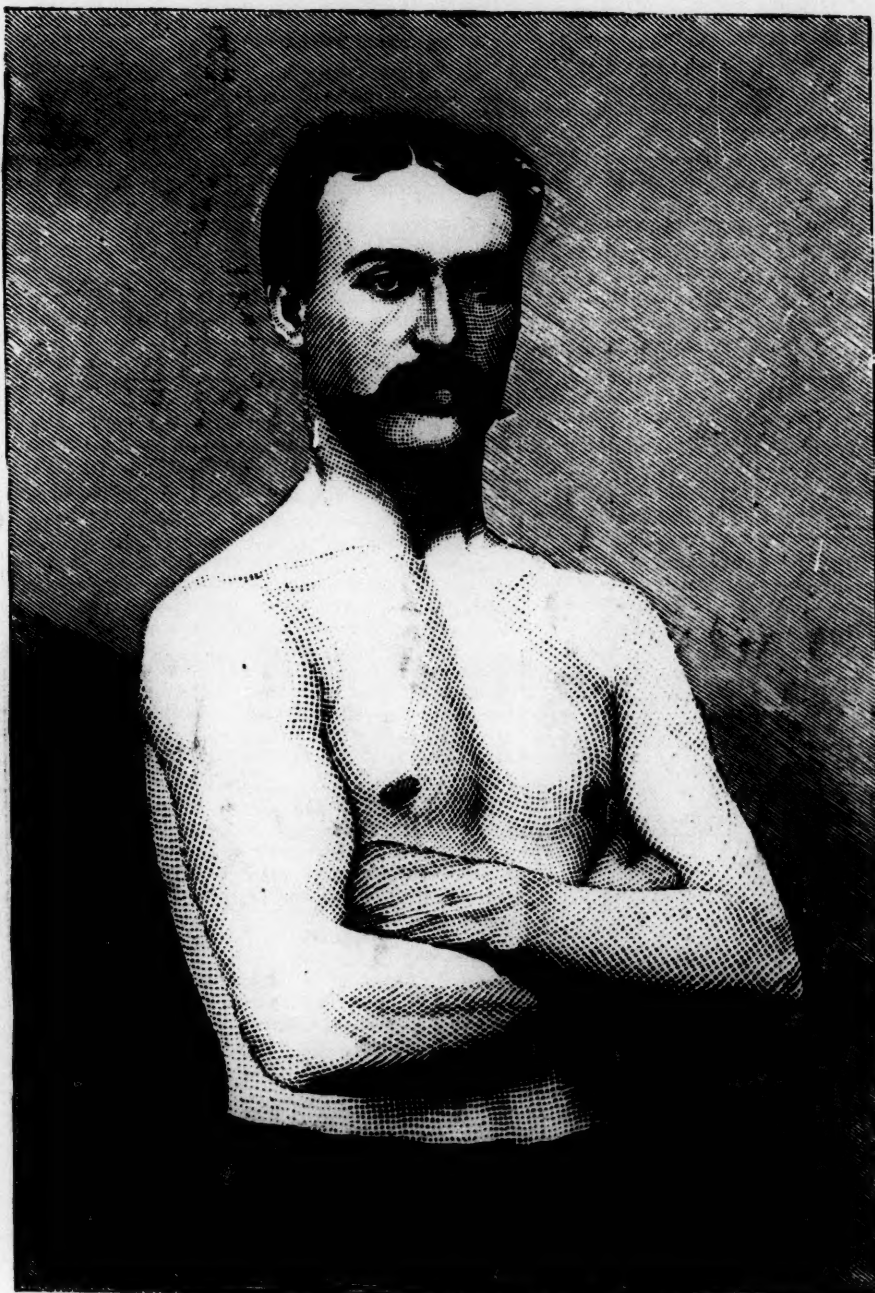
Accompanying this sketch we give a portrait



HENRY McDONALD,
MURDERER SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR THE
MURDER OF GEORGE MYERS.

of Henry McDonald, now under sentence of death for the murder of George Myers, a well known teamster of Idaho and Eastern Oregon. He is about 34 years of age, while his victim was past 60 years. Six or seven years ago he went to Baker City in Eastern Oregon, where

had a carpet sack, a roll of blankets and a shot gun with him. On reaching a point where the road to Toaro intersects that to Kelton he murdered Myers and buried his body alongside the road, where it was not found till March of the present year and then only by the



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

CHARLES MURPHY,

NOTED OARSMAN AND WRESTLER,

Photographed by John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York.

he married a dissolute woman of that place and soon afterward went to Boise City in Idaho where he earned a precarious livelihood as a helper about butcher shops and corrals.

On the 24th of September, 1880, he left Boise City, where he had been driving a team for George Hoven, and paid his fare on the stage to Soul's Rest, where he got off the stage and took up his line of travel toward Kelton, Utah, on the front wagon of George Myer's rig. It is customary to haul two or three wagons in a string with ten or twelve mules in a team. He

merest accident. A cattle-man's saddle came loose while hunting in company with some other men and, on alighting to fix it properly, remnants of clothing were found which were plainly recognized as belonging to the missing teamster. A further search revealed the crushed head and mangled skeleton.

In the meantime McDonald was driving the team on the road between Boise and Kelton, stating that Myers had sold him the rig for \$1,800 and gone to Portland.

McDonald was arrested in November and in-

carcerated in the Silver City jail, but as there were doubts as to whether the murder had been committed in the county of Ada or that of Ouyhee, therefore a survey was had, resulting in the fact that the crime had been committed in Ouyhee county. He was therefore tried in Silver City. But in March, 1881, he got hold of a knife and a file from his woman, who had come from Kelton to visit him in jail, which tools he concealed in his cell and finally broke jail on the night of the 14th of May. A reward of \$500 was offered by the Governor of the Territory, to which \$300 more was added by private citizens, friends of the murdered man.

He was retaken about ten days later and brought back to Silver. While in jail he told that Myers had got drunk and fallen off his saddle on the wheel horse and that the wagon had crushed

him to death. He told another party that Myers had been killed by two robbers named Kellett and Glenn, both mythical personages. He says they were both broken gamblers but no gambling man in Idaho can remember any such persons as Mike Glenn or Frank Kellett.

His trial began at Silver on the 8th of June and on the 16th the jury brought in a verdict of guilty as charged in the indictment. The court sentenced him to be hanged on the 5th day of August, 1881. And thus will be expiated one of the most fiendish murders that has ever cast its shadow on frontier life.

They Mourn His Loss.

For some time Captain Vennigerholz was regarded as one of the prominent citizens of Walla Walla, W. T. Recently he disappeared very suddenly and now many regret his departure. Unpaid bills to the amount of several hundreds of dollars will serve to keep the gallant captain's memory green.

It seems that Vennigerholz forgot to mention to any of his numerous friends that he was going away. It is predicted that he will also forget to return. Vennigerholz is a pleasant, good-natured German, who came to Walla Walla nearly two years ago. He engaged in business, made many friends and secured the confidence of some of the leading business men, of whom he succeeded in borrowing considerable sums of money. He was captain of Battery A Walla Walla artillery, of that place, which company he organized. His connection with the leading militia in the Territory naturally gave him a reputation and a credit to which no "sooner" of his calibre is entitled. He succeeded in getting away with part of the funds of the company; two guns belonging to the company, which were known to have been in his possession, are also missing. Lieut. McCarthy telegraphed to the U. S. Marshal at Portland to arrest the gallant captain if he could be found. The company propose to show their absconding captain that they can exist without him and that the dignity of the company is not to be trifled with. A large number of photographs of the captain have been taken and sent to the principal towns on the coast, with full accounts of the matter, so that if he should conclude to enter into business again he will have a reputation to start with.



CAPTAIN VENNIGERHOLZ,

DISAPPEARED FROM WALLA WALLA, W. T.
LEAVING LARGE DEBTS BEHIND.

Sporting News

The large and magnificent engraving of the **HEENAN AND SAYERS PRIZE FIGHT**, with **KEY**, will be mailed securely to any address on receipt of 25 cents. Both pictures are suitable for framing.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, N. Y.

WHEN is Mulkey going to let Rosalie win?
THORA will win the Alabama stakes at Saratoga.

HOMER LANE is going to Denver to wrestle Conners.

ONE hundred and thirty races will be run at Saratoga, N. Y.

THE N. Y. Silence was beaten in the regatta at New Orleans.

WELL, Yale beat Harvard easily in the annual 4-mile heat race.

BASE ball clubs are still playing in the interests of the pool box.

WHAT a race Cummings, Duddle and Myers would make at 1,000 yards!

ELLIOTT, the English ex-champion oarsman, contemplates visiting America.

WILLIAM EDWARDS, the Australian pedestrian, is en route to this country.

TURF men at Brighton Beach have a mania for holding in their thoroughbreds.

GEORGE LORILLARD has entered Sachem to run for the 2,000 guineas next year.

WESTON should now retire from pedestrian contests. He keeps going backward.

WE said THORA would win the Monmouth Oaks at Long Branch and she did right easily.

BOOK LORILLARD to win the Flash stakes at the Saratoga race meeting if Vanguard starts.

MAUD S. made the dust fly at Columbus, O., recently, and easily trotted a mile in 2:13 1/4.

PARTIES at Saratoga contemplate giving prizes for a grand single scull rowing regatta.

ROSE's great pedestrian races begin about July 15 at his mammoth pavilion at Coney Island.

IT is claimed that George Dane, of Detroit, Mich., can jump 14 feet in a single standing jump.

IT is reported that George W. Hamilton, of Fredonia, recently jumped 44 feet in three standing jumps.

GEN. PHILLIPS, the race horse, will run in the steeple chases at Saratoga under the name of Postguard.

ALBERT GARNIER is doing so well abroad that he has leased the billiard room of the Grand Hotel, Brussels.

BOGARDUS, the champion wing shot of the world, contemplates opening a shooting school in this city.

HANLAN, Hosmer and Trickett have consented to row in a general regatta if the prizes amount to \$3,000.

THE regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen will be held at Hamilton Beach, July 20, 1881.

HOEY, of Natick, Mass., and Gus Hill are to arrange a club-swinging match for the championship of America.

WM. Muldoon, the champion wrestler, is cut West and the natives look upon the famous wrestler in wonder.

At the Woodbine running races, at Toronto, Viceroy Chancellor won the Queen's Plate, one mile and a half, in 2:53.

In the race for the Goodwood Cup, Robert the Devil will carry 132lbs., Peter, 126lbs. and Foxhall, 110lbs.

JOHN A. KENNEDY, the Portland oarsman, has gone to Washington to prepare the Potomac four for the Virginia regatta.

WHAT a flyer Lucy May must be! By private advices received from Chicago, she recently ran a mile a shade under 1:10.

H. M. DUFUR, of Marlboro, Mass., is anxious to arrange a wrestling match with McMahon or McLaughlin for \$1,000 a side.

HAZEL and Price, the English runners, are to run twelve miles July 16 and ten miles on July 30, for stakes amounting to \$500.

MYERS, of New York, won again in England. He galloped away from six English champions, and covered half a mile in 1m. 58s.

CUMMINGS, the English champion runner, says Myers, the American champion amateur, can outrun any amateur in England.

At Philadelphia, recently, the International cricket match between American and English players was won by the Americans.

CHARLEY ROSS is a race horse. Just think of him winning three-quarter mile heats and running the third with 115lbs. up in 1:15.

THE single scull race for the Sportsman's New Challenge Cup and the championship of England is to be rowed on the Tyne in October.

JAS. DUNNE, the County Coroner of Brooklyn, and Philip Casey are going to Montreal to play the Canadian hand ball champions.

TELEMACHUS, the four-year-old, by King's Alphonso, runs in the Cash handicap at Saratoga, N. Y., on the 23d inst. Look out for him.

WALLACE ROSS is rowing at a racing pace and he will make it warm for the fastest oarsman in America before the season is over.

THE amount of premiums for the Grand Central trotting circuit has been increased to \$156,400, making \$22,000 for each association.

If the owner of the fleet Dan K. don't soon let him win, the public will stop backing him. Who owns Dan K., or, at least, his running qualities?

If Myers succeeds in clipping the wings of the English champions and returns to this country undefeated, he should receive a royal reception.

WESTON says he has walked his last race; he will make no more matches. He is strong enough physically, but over-exertion affects him mentally.

VICTIM recently ran a mile and a half in 2:09. A horse that can accomplish such a performance should make a hot pace and win in almost any company.

JAMES R. KEENE, of this city, has donated 5,000 francs to the poor of Paris, which is to be deducted from Foxhall's winnings in the Grand Prix of Paris.

It would puzzle the champion "tout" to inform his employer how many two-year-old colts and fillies now on the turf can run three-quarters of a mile in 1:15.

On July 5, at Floral Hall, Leicester, Eng., "Tug" Wilson was up for a benefit. The Sporting Life said "he was to wind up with his late opponent, Alf Greenfield."

FRED ARCHER, the English jockey, trains chiefly by the aid of Turkish baths, which he prefers to exhausting walks, and can now ride at a weight of eight stone five.

WM. MULKEY, of Missouri, has bought Topsy from George Lorillard. Look out for Mulkey always gets back the purchase money before the animal is long in his possession.

At Boston, recently, John Trout drove Lady Martin a John H. a mile in 2:22 1/2. Where are Vanderbilt's, Bonner's and Sheppard's double teams after this performance?

THIS year Hindoo, fresh from his triumphant Kentucky campaign, without taking up a single pound of penalty for the same, literally makes a show of every field he tackles.

THE Dublin University crew agree to row Cornell's crew three races, single pair and four-oared, for fun or a £50 trophy. The race to be rowed either in England or Ireland.

THE racing season so far has proved that the two-year-olds are only a fair lot. But there is no two-year-old of extraordinary excellence out yet, no Sensation or Spinaway.

MISS BELLE MAXWELL is a female athlete who resides in Sacramento, Cal. She can run 100 yards in 12 3/4s., walk a mile in 11 minutes and drive a bicycle a mile in 4 minutes.

At Hartford, recently, Clingstone, by Rysdyk, trotted three heats in 2:23 1/2, 2:23 1/4, 2:22 1/4. This confirms all the stories that have been told concerning this horse's speed.

At St. Johns, N. B., the four-mile single scull race between John McKay, of Halifax, and Richard Nagle, of St. Johns, N. B., was won easily by McKay in 22m. 55s. The stakes were \$500.

ACROSS the big pond our marksmen, scullers, runners and yachtsmen have all embarked on their eschewen the word Excelsior! When will an American billiard player fly his whip in their company?

CROSSLEY, the noted sprint runner of Philadelphia, who accompanied Smith of Pittsburgh to England and made the latter win the Sheffield handicap, writes that Smith can run 100 yards in 9 1/2s.

THE Hudson Boat Club of Manhattanville will have a grand sporting excursion to Boynton Beach on the 21st inst. John McManus, the noted Manhattanville sport, will be on deck and manage the affair.

TIM DRISCOLL, the Troy, N. Y., pugilist, has come down to this city on the war path. He says he is ready to arrange a match with King, of Troy, Mike Corbun or Fulljames, the Canadian light-weight champion.

BUSSEY, now of Cincinnati, but formerly of Indianapolis, challenges any one in the State of Indiana (Byers preferred) to play for the State championship, or he will play any number of points for any amount of money.

WE expected Harvard would beat Columbia in both races. Harvard spends more time in its boat and the rowing machines than Columbia. All oarsmen must row continually and an athlete must constantly keep on the row-path.

WE think our prairie belle equestrienne can outride representatives from any country in the world. Nevertheless Miss Augusta Bryant, of England, has challenged any lady in this country to a 20-mile race for £500 a side, horsback.

THE Austro-American boat race between Cornell University and the Viennese oarsmen seems to be an established fixture, and in arranging the numerous details each party are prompt, and even generous, in making necessary concessions.

THE Saratoga cup will be run on Thursday, July 21. Thora, George McCullough, Uneas, Parole, Elias Lawrence, Irish King, Monitor, Cheekmate, Glidella and Bancroft are in the race. Monitor or Bancroft will win and we prefer the latter.

THE purses Maud S. and St. Julian are to trot for during the trotting circuit have been increased from \$3,000 to \$3,500. Both flyers are to each make two trials against time, the one making the fastest heat to have \$2,000, and the other \$1,500.

1. 1876, June 30—Yale, 22:2; Harvard, 22:31.
2. 1877, June 3—Harvard, 24:36; Yale, 24:43.
3. 1878, June 28—Harvard, 20:44; Yale, 21:29.
4. 1879, June 27—Harvard, 22:15; Yale, 23:43.
5. 1880, July 1—Yale, 24:27; Harvard, 25:00.

ROWELL has shown himself a leader among leaders, easily the master on the race course of any man this world has yet produced. But it is doubtful whether we shall ever know what he might accomplish in a six-day race, as he says he will not start in another.

THE racing filly Patti won the three-quarter mile dash at Chicago on July 2 in 1:14 1/2. The time is the fastest ever made by a filly in America and within a half second of the best on record. The fastest recorded time is 1:14, made by P. Lorillard's Barrett at Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 14, 1880.

MCGRATH, the turfman, donated in his will \$1,000 to Sam Huston, his former colored trainer, and \$300 to Huston's wife. Huston was a former slave of McGrath's and once did him a service by saving Tom Bowling from running off in a race on which Mr. McGrath had considerable money staked.

RECENTLY an old withered sport, apparently with little money, dropped into Wm. Lovell's pool room

on Barclay street, New York, and bought for \$1 the following combination on the Brighton Beach races: Duke of Montalban, Aleck Ament and Charley Ross. The three horses won and he was paid \$507.49 for his dollar.

THE New York Daily News, a well known sporting authority for the past fifteen years, says: "The idea of Frank Queen refusing to allow Ryan and Sullivan to arrange a prize fight at the office of his sporting paper is ridiculous. Frank Queen's action in the matter has disgusted free thinking and independent sporting men."

BECAUSE Myers refused to run a trial for Pendragon, of the London Referee, the latter is boiling over with wrath and giving Myers fits in the columns of the Referee. Myers don't appear to care, for he digests his food regularly and continues to beat all the English champions he meets on the cinder path in true American style.

COCKNEY CHARLEY called at the POLICE GAZETTE office a few days ago and said that he would match Pilot to fight any dog in the world at 27lbs., for \$3,000 to \$10,000 a side. Here is a chance for the Louisville dog. He will also match Paddy to fight any dog in the world at 27 1/4lbs., for \$1,000 to \$10,000. A reply to this office will ensure a match.

JOE COLLINS, better known as "Tug" Wilson, the middle-weight champion pugilist of England, has issued a challenge to fight any man in England or America, not weighing over 154 pounds, for a cup or £100 to £500. The match to take place in three months after signing articles, either under the Marquis of Queensbury rules or in the old styles.

A SUBSCRIBER from Algonac, Mich., earnestly writes to know whether Myers was sired by Leamington or King Alphonso, or whether he is related to Troquois. There is no trotter or race horse of that name, so our wise subscriber evidently means Myers, the amateur runner. Well, Myers is not a trotter or a thoroughbred, but he has the speed of both of these equines.

WHEN the fleet-footed canines, the speedy coverers of the cinder path, the handy manipulators of the oar, the white-winged pages of Neptune, in fact, all claimants of outdoor pastimes and sports, have in their season taken possession of their prerogative rights, let it be hoped that billiards, in its season, will add one of the missing links to the chain of American enterprise.

THE New York Daily News says: "No match has yet been arranged for the heavy-weight championship between John L. Sullivan, Boston's great pugilist, and Paddy Ryan, the pride of the Troy and Albany politicians. Just as the mighty gladiators were going to make a match, Frank Queen knocked the match into a cocked hat by refusing to hold the stakes or allowing the distinguished patrons of pugilists to arrange a match at his office."

THE annual eight-oared race between picked crews of Harvard and Yale was rowed over the four-mile course on the Thames, at New London. Yale was a heavy favorite. The race was a grand display of pluck, science and strength combined with endurance. Yale won by a scant length and a half. Yale's time was 22m. 13s.; Harvard's time, 22m. 19s. Of the five eight-oared races previous to 1881, Harvard won three and Yale two. The record is as follows:

GEO. W. HAMILTON, the champion jumper and trickster of America, and George Dane, of Detroit, propose to go into the Dominion to rope in our unsophisticated cousins over the river, and ease them of their spare shckels. We advise all to give them a wide berth, as Dane can easily clear at one standing jump 14 feet, and for that matter at any kind of a standing broad jump or jumps surpass any known living man. The other has also a national reputation as being the greatest trickster and thrower of matches in America.

GALE, the famous endurance pedestrian, is still trying to complete his self-imposed task of walking 6,000 quarter miles in 6,000 periods of ten minutes each. There is no waver or stake dependant on the result, consequently little interest is manifested in the affair. If Gale accomplishes the feat it will be a wonderful performance, but it is doubtful if either Gale or his managers will make a fortune out of the speculation, as pedestrianism received a black eye at the American Institute and a knock down in the late contest at Madison Square Garden.

How Gale can stand the suffering brought on from the want of sleep and the bosh the sporting writers are publishing is a mystery. One of these "geniuses" says: "Gale is expected to cover 100 quarter-miles during the first day. The distances will then be graduated according to the pedestrian's ability." The mathematical genius who evolved this statement, possibly overlooked the fact that Gale must walk a quarter mile each ten minutes—144 quarter-miles each and every day—no more, and no less. Gale must be very strong to endure at the same time loss of sleep and such bosh as the above specimens.

THE Virginia State rowing regatta was held recently on the James river at Richmond and was a grand affair. The strangers' single scull race was won by W. F. Roberts, of Washington. The Potomac crew of Washington won the four \$100 cups, beating L'Hirondelle, Baltimore; Undine Boat Club, Baltimore; Columbia Boat Club, Washington, D. C. E. C. Daniel won the single scull race. The Rives crew won the \$500 French cup, beating the University of Virginia; Olympic Boat Club of Richmond, Va.; Appomattox Boat Club, Petersburg, Va.; Cockade City Boat Club, Petersburg, Va.; Rappahannock Boat Club, Fredericksburg, Va.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the Eastern champion pugilist, with his trainer, Billy Madden, prior to arranging a match with Paddy Ryan for \$5,000 a side and the championship of America, will go on a knocking-out tour through the country. The pugilists will visit Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo and Detroit. Sullivan says he will be ready to meet all comers, no matter if they weigh a ton, during the trip. Both will stop at Philadelphia, when Arthur Chambers, one of the greatest heroes of the ring, will entertain them. Sullivan will then give the Philadelphia champion, Mike Cleary, the opportunity of meeting him in the arena either for fun or shckels. Sullivan expects to "knock out" all pugilists who meet him and Madden says he carries \$1,000 of a Boston sporting man's money to invest that Sullivan can do so.

THE POLICE GAZETTE still holds a certified check for \$300 from Owen Maloney, of Pittsburg, stakes for his proposed prize fight with James Weeden, of Pittsburg. It is doubtful if any match will be arranged, however, as will be seen from the following from Weeden: "Pittsburg, July 16, 1881."

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir—I am very sorry that I cannot forward the amount of money and articles, but it is not my fault. I would like to fight this man Maloney, but I have no backers. This man challenged me for \$500 a side. I answered his challenge and offered to fight him for \$200 a side, open for \$500. I pro-

posed putting up \$200 myself and a friend said he would find the balance. We had a forfeit of \$300 to forward to Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, as the final stake holder. But they would not put up. I then said I would have nothing more to do with the fight. When Maloney heard this he forwarded \$300 to your office and I have never seen my moneyed friend since. If Maloney will fight me to decide which is the best man I will make him a present of \$20. Yours, JAMES WEEDEN. "No. 10 Liberty st., Pittsburg."

THE long pending glove fight between Jerry Leary, of Brooklyn, and Jim Edmonds, of Birmingham, Eng., was decided July 6 at Owey Gecchegan's "Old House at Home," 105 Bowery, N. Y. The pugilists fought for a purse of \$200, at catch weights, according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules. Edmonds recently came to this country. He was born in Birmingham, Eng., is 31 years of age, stands 5ft. 8in. in height and weighs 140lbs. In England Edmonds says he fought Sam Breeze, middle-weight champion of England, a draw, the fight lasting 40 minutes; beat George Chinn in 25m.; also fought Prof. Thorley, of England, twice, each fight ending in a draw. Leary had never fought in the ring but he has figured in numerous glove contests. He stands about 5ft. 9in. in height and weighs about 150lbs. Both pugilists evidently intended business and this fact induced a large crowd of sports to witness the mill. Charley Norton, the clever English pugilist, seconded Edmonds; Dan Dougherty attended Leary. The battle was a one-sided affair. Leary had the advantage in weight and condition and outfought Edmonds from the start. After fighting five rounds Edmonds, in spite of the cautions of the referee, threw Leary and the latter was decided the winner by a foul. The battle, including the rests between each round, lasted 20 minutes. Foul or no foul, it is doubtful if Edmonds could have won.

THERE is no light-weight champion pugilist in America. Arthur Chambers and Johnny Clark were the last pugilists who fought for that title. Chambers won and retired. Clark has also retired and the light-weight championship can be claimed by any pugilist who will post a forfeit and claim that title. Any pugilist from Maine to Oregon who thinks himself capable of fighting for that title can find a match by sending on a forfeit to this office, as will be seen by the following:

"NEW YORK, July 11, 1881.
"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir: Having heard that several pugilists were eager to arrange a match to fight according to the rules of the London prize ring for \$1,000 and the championship of light weights in America, please inform the pugilists and the sporting public through the widely-read columns of the POLICE GAZETTE that I am ready to fight any pugilist in America according to the weights governing the light-weight championship for \$1,000 a side, the fight to be decided within 100 miles of Pittsburg, two or three months from signing articles for \$1,000. To prove that I am in earnest I have posted \$50 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and I will meet any pugilist anxious to meet me in the prize ring at the POLICE GAZETTE office at any time they appoint to post an additional \$300 and sign articles. CHARLES NORTON.
We hold \$50 to back up the above challenge—[SPORTING EDITOR]."

WE have received several communications regarding Harry Maynard's bogus claim to the title of light-weight champion pugilist of the Pacific Slope. In answer to one and all we decide that Harry Maynard never fought or ever held that title. Maynard might just as well claim to be president of the United States as champion light-weight pugilist of the Pacific Coast. The last battle fought for that title was between James Trevillian, of San Francisco, and Patsy Hogan, of New York, now residing on the Pacific Slope. Trevillian and Hogan fought for \$1,000 and the title in March, 1874. The battle was conducted according to the rules of the London prize ring and the rules governing championship contests. Hogan won and was then the recognized champion light-weight pugilist of the Pacific Slope. Since that time there has been several battles fought with gloves, but no pugilist has fought for the light-weight championship of the Pacific Slope. Maynard, on the strength of winning a glove fight with Patsy Hogan when the latter held the championship, bolstered himself up to be the light-weight champion. He issued challenge after challenge but never posted a forfeit to prove that he was in earnest or anxious to fight for the title. According to the rules a pugilist after winning the championship generally wears the laurels until challenged, but should the challenger fail to send a sum of money with the forfeit the champion need not reply to it. Maynard's challenges were not in any instance backed up with money, therefore pugilists looked upon them merely as advertising dodges to give him reputation. Maynard never fought in the prize ring according to regular prize ring rules in this country, while his "success" in Australia cannot be traced to any reliable source. We are well aware that the time Arthur Chambers, the noted pugilist of Philadelphia, visited San Francisco he challenged Maynard but the latter would not fight under any consideration. Chambers also agreed to give Maynard \$500 if he would make a match and fight for \$1,000, but the "light-weight champion of the Pacific Slope" refused to meet Chambers after the latter had traveled thousand of miles to meet him. Mike Donovan, of New York, the noted pugilist, was also led to believe that Maynard would fight. He left New York and journeyed to the Golden Gate to make a match with Maynard, but the light-weight champion of the Pacific Slope also refused to arrange a match after Donovan arrived at "Frisco." Patsy Hogan, of New York, the original light-weight champion of the Pacific Slope, offered to fight Maynard for \$500 a side and the title. Maynard refused and ridiculed Hogan, when the latter let go his right mawley and the light-weight champion of the Pacific Slope would have run away only Arthur Chambers held him. Who ever heard of a champion running away? We have known pugilists who have been shot, cut with knives and beaten with butt-ends of revolvers and still they never ran, and yet Maynard claims to be the light-weight champion of the Pacific Slope! In conclusion we must state that there is no light-weight champion pugilist of the Pacific Slope, and Harry Maynard never held that title and never fought for it. Patsy Hogan was the last pugilist who fought for that title—he is still on the Pacific Slope and ready to fight Maynard for \$2,000 and upwards. There is no prospect of a match, for Maynard claims he has retired from the ring.

THE "American Athlete," published by Richard K. Fox, at 183 William street, is the work of Wm. E. Harding, whose long experience in athletic and other sporting matters enables him to write interestingly on the subjects he treats. The book contains, in addition to short sketches of famous athletes, a treatise on the rules and principles of training which should be read by all amateurs. The same publisher has issued No. 1 of "Fistiana's Heroes," being a carefully written biography of the celebrated pugilist, James Mace. A life of John Hughes, "the Lepper," is from the same house, whose publications have a large sale, because of their reliability and cheapness.—From the Turf, Field and Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALL LETTERS IN REGARD TO SPORTING MATTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO WY. F. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE, 183 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

SPORTING.

W. G.—See answer to H. W. M.
 M. A. B. Texas.—The letters were long since destroyed.
 R. W. H., Lockport, N. Y.—We have not got the poetry you require.
 J. W., Rahway, N. J.—1. We make no charge for answering questions.
 M. W., Boston, Mass.—The first theatre was opened in Providence, R. I., in 1782.
 W. F. N., Powder River, Wyoming.—Ten Broeck ran a mile in 1:39 3/4. 2. 1:43 1/2.
 S. W., Scranton, Pa.—Cornell College four did not win any race on the Thames. 2. No.
 G. L. B.—1. Yes. 2. 2:10 3/4 by Maud S., is the fastest trotting time for one mile in harness.
 C. H. N., Brooklyn.—1. Did not use matter. 2. We do not require any assistance in your line.
 SAMPY H., St. Louis.—Dan O'Leary never defeated Wm. Hovos in England. It was *vice versa*.
 D. G., Madison, Wis.—1. No. 2. Wallace Ross did beat Hanlan. 3. At the Providence Regatta last year.
 H. G., Albany, N. Y.—A letter addressed to John McMahon, care of *Item* office, Philadelphia, will reach him.
 D. W., Scranton, Pa.—Jenny Lind made her first debut in America Sept. 11, 1850, at Castle Garden, New York.
 W. S., Baltimore, Md.—Francesca, owned by the Dwyer Brothers, is a full brother to Iroquois, the Derby winner.
 RUDOLPH, Ypsilanti, Mich.—Jack Martin never defeated Col. J. H. McLaughlin in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match.
 Wm. E. Cop, Fort Saunders.—1. Gus Hill swings two 30-pound clubs. 2. The heaviest club he swings weighs 30 pounds.
 P. W., Chicago, Ill.—Ned O'Baldwin was murdered in his saloon by his partner, Michael Finnell, in New York, on Sept. 27, 1875.
 H. S., Pittsburg.—We do hold a \$377 certified check sent us by Owen Maloney to prove that he is eager to fight James Weeden.
 S. W., Port Huron.—Hindoo, when owned by Dan Switzer of Spring Station, Ky., won seven races, ran second once and third once.
 S. P., Rome, N. Y.—Send for the "Champions of the American Prize Ring" to this office. This book contains all the information you need.
 L. S., Pottsville, Pa.—1. The proposed prize fight between Owen Maloney and James Weeden is off. 2. See card in our sporting department.
 J. W. S., Kansas City.—Gale started in this city on June 27, in an attempt to walk 6,000 quarter miles in 6,000 consecutive periods of 10 minutes.
 H. W. M., Reading, Pa.—Ten Broeck ran a mile at Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877, in 1:39 3/4. 2. Ten Broeck's time has never been beaten.
 W. G., Detroit, Mich.—William Muldoon defeated Prof. T. Bauer in a Græco-Roman wrestling match for the championship of America, May 14, 1879.
 S. W., St. Louis.—1. How can we tell? 2. It is claimed that Dane of Detroit can cover 14 feet. 3. We never heard of Bob Way jumping 13 feet 7 inches.
 H. W., Rochester, N. Y.—1. No. 2. We consider Hindoo to be the best three-year-old race horse in the world. 3. Rowell will return to America in September.
 D. S., Leadville.—1. Ned Bearles, of Sing Sing, N. Y., the ex-champion jumper, is dead. 2. He could jump 14 feet; his best record was 13 feet 5 3/4 inches.
 S. W., San Jose.—1. Harry Maynard is not nor never fought for or held that title. 2. Col. J. H. McLaughlin defeated Whelan in that wrestling match. 3. No.
 H. W., Columbus, Ohio.—1. Boulevard is a chestnut colt by Bonnie Scotland for Mariposa. 2. The Dwyer Brothers bought Dodette from Hunt Reynolds. 3. No.
 H. W., Cincinnati.—1. Hugh, better known as Butt Riley, the pugilist, was not killed in a bar-room brawl. 2. He died of consumption. 3. Jim Ward, the English ex-champion, died in 1879. 4. No.
 S. W., Detroit, Mich.—1. Billy Edwards. 2. He was born at Birmingham, Warwickshire, England, December 21, 1844, and when in fighting trim weighs 126 pounds, and stands 5 ft. 4 1/2 inches.
 S. W., Boston.—The Astley Belt represents the long distance championship of the world. 2. Charles Rowell is now the holder of that trophy. 3. He won it four times—three times in succession.
 H. W. S., Leadville.—1. He is an imposter. 2. We do not know any New York pugilist of that name. 3. Ben Hogan and Patsy Hogan are not in your vicinity. The former lives in Brooklyn and the latter in San Francisco.
 H. W. S., Chicago, Ill.—Dan O'Leary defeated Peter Crossland in a 300-mile walking match at Manchester Eng., Nov. 20 to 23, 1878. 2. James Hamill, the ex-champion oarsman, died Jan. 10, 1876, at Pittsburgh. 3. No.
 S. W., Omaha.—1. Billy Edwards, the ex-champion pugilist, fought Wm. Fawcett at Manchester, England, on March 11, 1878. 2. The pugilists fought with gloves and Edwards won after a slashing fight lasting 1 hour and 45 minutes.
 H. W., Boston, Mass.—1. "Tug" Wilson, better known as Joe Collins, had recently fight a draw with Alf Greenfield and the latter's arm was broken. 2. We don't care about this and that, the pugilist fought and the battle was a draw.
 W. H., Lowell, Mass.—Rowell, the pedestrian's scores in his four races for the Astley Belt are as follows: At New York, March, 1879, 500 miles 180 yards; New York, September, 1879, 524 miles 77 yards; London, November, 1880, 566 miles 63 yards; London, June, 1881, 281 miles.
 W. G., Selma, Ala.—1. A middle-weight pugilist can fight for the heavy-weight championship of America. 2. There is no pugilist holding that title. 3. George Rooke is heavy enough to fight any man in the world. 4. Yes; Rooke did challenge Joe Coburn in California. 5. No.
 H. W., Cambridge, Mass.—The official time was as follows: First mile, Yale, 5 min. 20 sec.; Harvard, 5 min. 25 sec. Two miles, Yale, 10 min. 50 sec.; Harvard, 10 min. 54 sec. Three miles, Yale, 16 min. 49 sec.; Harvard, 16 min. 45 sec. Four miles, Yale, 22 min. 13 sec.; Harvard, 22 min. 19 sec.

D. J., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. How can we tell whether Paddy Ryan can whip Sullivan or the latter whip Ryan? 2. That is a question that can only be decided in a twenty-four foot ring with fair play and a determined, fearless referee. 3. Richard K. Fox, however, will bet \$5,000 on Ryan's chances of conquering Sullivan.

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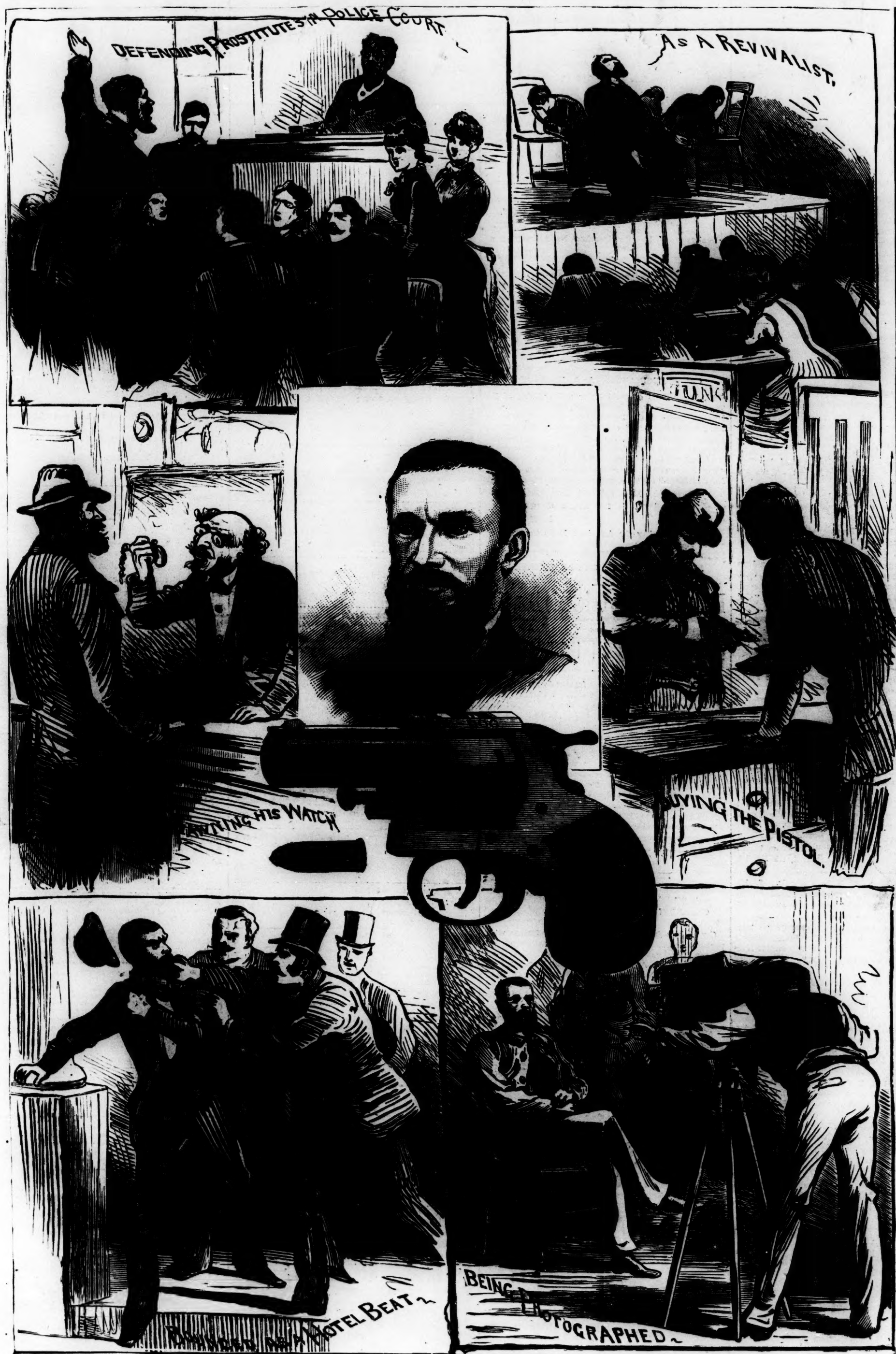
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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

[JULY 23, 1882.]



SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES GUTEAU.